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NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY



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by ADJA YUNKERS

Adja Yunkers by JOHN PALMER LEEPER

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
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| Vincent C. Kelley | New Mexico's Position in a
Western Iron and Steel Industry |
| Robert Bunker | Oliver La Farge: In Search of Self |
| Carl H. Grabo | Rhetoric for Rhetoricians |
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founded the first and greatest of all Little magazines—THE
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Joyce's *Ulysses* to America, along with Sherwood Anderson's
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THE EDITOR'S CORNER



MMARGARET ANDERSON. "Happiness and Order" is a chapter from *A Life for a Life*, to be published next fall in Chicago by Mark Reinsberg. In this book Miss Anderson continues her autobiography begun in 1930 with *My Thirty Years' War*. The sequel tells of her experiences after her retirement from active literary work.

Miss Anderson founded *The Little Review* in Chicago in 1914 and brought it to a close in 1929. In these fifteen years her periodical gained among the literati a prestige comparable to the *Poetry* of Harriet Monroe or *The Criterion* of T. S. Eliot. It introduced to America some of the best pages of Yeats, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, and the early writings of many now prominent literary figures. At the vanguard of letters, Miss Anderson discovered values with critical and historical sense, and defended them with fervor. Sylvia Beach in an article, "Los suscriptores de *Ulises*" (*Sur*, February, 1950), tells of those militant days of the "new art" in Paris, and of the central role played by the friends of *The Little Review*. Mark Reinsberg announces for early publication *A Little Review Anthology*.

In "Happiness and Order" Miss Anderson weaves her ideas on life into a pattern of reminiscences of her friendship with Georgette Leblanc

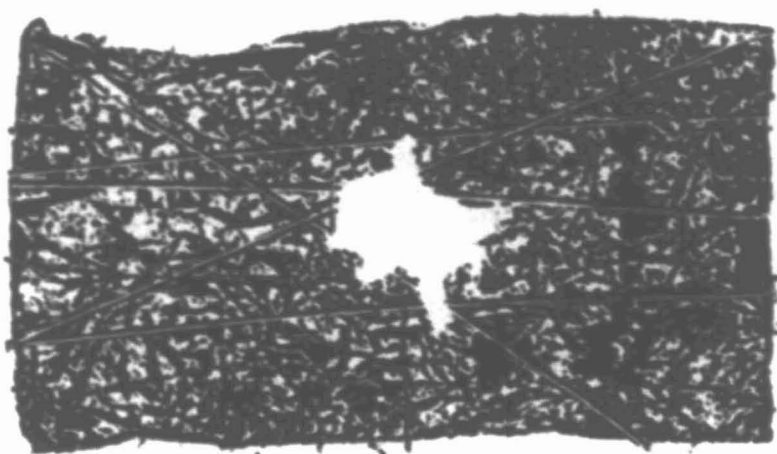
(1869-1941), for twenty years Maeterlinck's *inspiratrice*. Mme. Leblanc was an opera singer, actress, sculptress, poet, renowned beauty, and author of several books, three of which were translated into English and published in the United States. Her *Souvenirs: My Life with Maeterlinck* (Dutton, 1932), was extraordinarily well received. In 1947 appeared *La Machine à Courage*, with preface by Jean Cocteau. Still unpublished are poems and profiles of Mallarmé, Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, D'Annunzio, Oscar Wilde, Isadora Duncan, Helen Keller, and others.

Miss Anderson plans to go back to France this June to settle there permanently. The Quarterly expresses to her and to Mr. Reinsberg appreciation for this "first," and for the interesting letter and pictures offered by the author.

GGUEST ARTIST, VI. Born in Riga, Latvia, in 1900, ADJA YUNKERS came to the United States in 1947, and has taught art at the New School of Social Research and for two summer sessions at the UNM. The Southwest appealed to him so much that he has made his home at Corrales, a village near Albuquerque.

Before coming to this country Yunkers had an active and successful career in Europe, with one-man shows at Berlin, Hamburg, Paris, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo. Works of his are in the Stadt Museum, Hamburg, Albert and Victoria Museum, London, National Gallery, Stockholm, and National Gallery, Oslo. In

continued on page 259



Margaret Anderson

HAPPINESS AND ORDER

AS I LOOK at the human story I see two stories. They run parallel and never meet. One is of people who live, as they can or must, the events that arrive; the other is of people who live, as they intend, the events they create. The first category would have been impossible for me.

I have never been able to take a serious part in the events that seem chiefly to engage mankind—making wars, making laws, making money. This situation looked to me like a status-quo world; no movement seemed possible for me within its orbit, and the orbit seemed likely to stay fixed. I don't yet see any interest in this world. It is not my fault that I was never drawn into it. I couldn't go to war, and it happens that no one whose life was vital to me ever had to go to war; I couldn't make money, but my friends have always invited me to share their money in exchange for sharing my world; I couldn't make laws, and laws haven't the slightest interest for me—except in the world of science, in which they are always changing; or in the world of art, in which they are unchanging; or in the world of Being in which they are, for the most part, unknown.

Of course I have always been told that if all people were like me the world wouldn't progress. I found this as misleading as everything else I was told. First because they aren't like me, second because they wouldn't like to be. They are interested in the problems and prescriptions of the status-quo world. They would be utterly bored to be like me. And shall I say that they are wrong? But aren't they, since they are always worried and at war?

Next, I was told that I would discover life to be different from what I imagined it to be. I never made this discovery. Life for me has been exactly what I thought it would be—a cake, which I have eaten and had too. I was born a happy person in the shelter of an easy "fate." Until a few years ago I never looked straight at any fact except my capacity to make a happy life a happier one; and I have always been able to draw my friends into this dispensation. Happiness to me meant: appreciation of what you have; anticipation of what you plan to have, whether you ever have it; gratitude that you are not in competition for what others have, or want to have; the capacity to ignore what you don't like, or to turn it into what you do like; and the surpassing reward of finding that you can really believe in what you hoped you could believe in.

Naturally I have had hardships, but I thought they were illusions. They must have been, since I can't even remember them. I'm sure I never had a real hardship. I have never been wounded in war or put into a concentration camp. I have never had to sleep under a bridge or stand in a bread line. I have never been too hungry or too tired, too ill or too cold, too ugly or too wrong, too crowded or too alone. I have never been bored or disabled, really depressed or really discouraged. I have never had to live in friction or misunderstanding; when they arrived I departed. I have never felt youth diminishing or age approaching. I have never been *too* hurt. I have been too bereaved, but what I lost was a love too permanent to die. Therefore I knew from the beginning that though death taketh all away, *this* he cannot take.

MY BASIC happiness was founded on this fact—this unmatched fact: that one sometimes finds a human being with whom one can have a true and limitless human communication. The words for this blessing are “love,” or “understanding,” or the exact word the French have for it—an *entente*.

This is the first of two real events in my life: finding some one about whom I felt at once—as if a prophecy were being made to me—“There is something perfect in her soul.”

For twenty-one years I never saw Georgette Leblanc do anything, never heard her say anything, that did not spring from this perfection. It is a quality, I think, that arises in the artist mind. Putting my trust in this quality I felt that, whatever I might be, the best of me (or even the worst) would never be misunderstood by Georgette. It never was. She always made me feel that there was something perfect in *me*. I could never get over this distinction. Since she said it, it must be so. As long as she lived I felt that I was always smiling.

I often tried to steady my breathless and conscious happiness over this *entente* by trying to name those perfections in Georgette which made a friendship with her a story never to be forgotten. I would wonder in what order to name them—which one took precedence in her golden-ruled life: goodness, wisdom, understanding, courage, humanity, intelligence, aspiration. . . . Combined with secondary characteristics like tact, grace, charm, courtesy, ardor, humor, imagination, justice, reasonableness, freedom. . . . I realize that I am describing her as a paragon. But she *was* a paragon—even her “faults” underlined the fact. She had many vanities, but no *amour-propre*; she was self-absorbed, but never selfish; she was naïve, but not childish—she was child-like; she had an anxiety-complex, but with a manner that redeemed it; she had the electricity of temper, but she used it abstractly, not personally; she often lacked judgment, but always constructively; and she had an ego that never behaved egotistically. Perhaps I could cata-

logue her qualities under one major tendency: personal distinction, aristocracy of nature—in other words that greatest, to me, of all human attributes: an unspoiled psyche; in clearer words, a psyche that has none of the poisons that most psyches accumulate during their lifetime of self-vindication. As a consequence she had many enemies—just as Maeterlinck became her enemy: she was too good to be true. But Georgette was no one's enemy.

Most lives lived under the same roof intrude, impose, infringe, impinge upon each other. Georgette would never have impinged upon a bird, certainly not upon a fellow creature. The space she lived in made her assume that you too wanted space; she never commented upon your behavior since that would restrict your space. She objected even to mild comment—the kind that ruffles or surprises or disperses. The kind most people indulge in—the comment that disturbs, distresses, baffles, irritates, depresses, angers, wounds—filled her with horror. As to temper, she was far too tempered to understand its need or use as an involuntary explosion. It would have been as impossible for her to speak to anyone “in a temper” as it would have been for her to shoot him, swiftly and unreasonably, in the temple. A display of temper between two friends seemed to her a vulgarity so harsh and final as to leave them forever estranged, their relationship reduced to the illogicality of that between a man and a wild beast. To Georgette there was no human conflict, between friends, which couldn't be resolved by a glance between understanding eyes.

Even the milder human idiosyncracies seemed to her to be rooted in vulgarity. No one could ever imagine her making a disagreeable remark, or expressing any of the other clichés of daily living that seem acceptable to most people. In all the years I never heard her say anything like, “What's the *matter* with you?” She never felt free to say to anyone, “I know what's the matter,” “You must be nervous,” “Aren't you being disagreeable?,” “There's no use talking,” “I wouldn't say it if it weren't true, . . .” etc., etc., etc., etc. To Georgette these attacks on another person's inner



Margaret Anderson during Little Review days (upper left).
Georgette Leblanc at the age of sixty-three (upper right).
Vernet-les-Bains (below).

To the Readers of the New Mexico Quarterly:

. . . I know more clearly today than when I founded the Little Review in 1914 exactly what I wanted as its basic idea. I wanted it to be something beyond a presentation of the seven arts -- I wanted a magazine that would present the world's best conversation. But I had a very special idea of "conversation": for me the subject matter of conversation had to be confined to talk of what was most beautiful, most interesting, most important. The first of course came under the category ART, the second Psychology, the third Philosophy. So I started the Little Review as a crusade. And, since I didn't like intellectuals or their thoughts about art and life, I always thought of the Little Review as a crusade which would prove the superiority of the artist mind over the intellectual mind. Perhaps this is why the magazine created a legend -- because it wasn't merely a magazine of literature. At least this is what I believe and why I have written a new book on the same rampant personal theories.

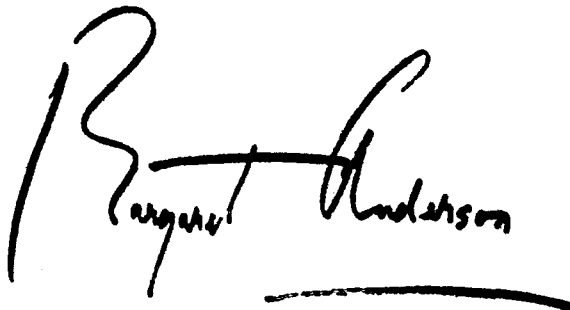
Hoping that you and your readers agree with me,

With best greetings,

Con conversationally yours,

Towson, Maryland

June 1, 1950

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Bergquist Anderson". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

world could be made only in an outer world of which she knew nothing. I once made a list of sixty-five remarks of this type which I never heard her make. When anyone said, "But it's natural for people to talk like that to one another," she said it seemed as anti-natural to her as the freaks in a circus.

She might say, "I was a little worried because you're late"; she would never say, "You worry me by being late," "Why do you worry me by being late?," "Why are you late?," "You shouldn't be late," "I hate it that you're late," "Can't you be on time?" Her comments were never criticism; if she had criticism to make she made it with style, as in a written essay. Her comments were not grievance, habit, compensation, involuntary expression, automatic monitorship, unconscious pleasure, or a means of communication. They were not based on the assumption that any human being is answerable to another, that any human being ever really understands another. She didn't comment, she created.

The kinds of things she did say were simple things, but source things. They were the things said by a person who has made much life. They always made me feel that I was being informed, inspired, soothed or saved. She once described some one's life by saying, "C'est une vie qui parle avec des gens." Of our lives she said, "C'est toujours *comme si* quelque chose arrivait." Defining a special grace she felt in some one's presence, she said, "C'est *comme si* toute une vie harmonieuse venait vers moi"; defining the two-dimensional quality of another person's life—"Il me semble que je prends le thé avec un chien"; describing the slowness of another person's responses—"Elle semble attendre au bout d'un corridor"; analyzing some one's egotism—"Vanité—pire espèce: celle qui affiche son humilité." Once she went to call upon some one whose apartment faced a cemetery—"Ah!" she said, "quelle joie! tous ces gens qui ne parlent pas." Once she described a friend as having "adorabilité d'être." But "adorability of being" should be her own description, because her mind and heart were of gentle birth.

This was the *entente* in which I lived and breathed; this was the harmonic scale in which I felt that all things of life and art and mind were understood. Take everything else from me, I used to say, but leave me this one communion and I will have a total life. I always wanted it more than anything else, I found it, I never found a flaw in it, I never stopped being grateful for it. I remember being grateful every day, moment after moment during the days, during the years, as if I must express gratitude aloud to myself. I would find myself saying at almost any moment: to live without Georgette's delicacy would be to find the world an alien place; I should miss too much her "being at home with everything but the normal"; I should miss too much her way of laughing; perhaps I should miss more than anything else the way she said "C'est abominable"; I should not know where to turn for the comfort of her stupefaction over human buffoonery, her blasting and warming and inclusive indictment of the stupidities of the human species. But most of all I knew I should miss the way she said "C'est trop beau."

Sometimes I tried to decide which story about her would best illustrate her nature. Perhaps this one:

Once when she was ill we spent the winter in a mountain village where the air was pure. One day she was sitting in bed beside her Christmas tree, already a month old. It was snowing and the windows were open. A little bird flew in—a winter sparrow. It circled the room and settled on a branch of the Christmas tree. It looked at her and she looked at it. "Longtemps," she said afterward, describing their *entente*, "nous sommes restés ainsi."

It was in this village, Vernet-les-Bains, that we spent some of our most iridescent days. Our peasant house had a little living-room papered in midnight blue, where we gathered on winter afternoons before the hottest stove I have ever known, while snowflakes rushed at the mountains. And there was a low, dark dining room papered in fruits and flowers where Georgette drew cartoons that kept us laughing all winter. I love to laugh all kinds

of laughter, but there is one kind that pleases me more than others. It is the helpless kind; not as you laugh at wit but as you laugh at comedy. I have more fun with funniness than with wittiness, more pleasure in humor than in epigrams, just as I have more interest in personal report than in erudition. These cartoons were personal reports of Georgette's fun with two worlds—ourselves and "people." We were still explaining the difference between ourselves and those others with whom we never felt at home. We talked a lot about these distinctions in Vernet, as the days enclosed us in a valley and our molehills became mountains. One day Georgette formulated what she considered the difference between us and intellectuals. We live for emotions, she said, they live for events. In our relations with people we wait upon the development of personal atmosphere; they don't wait, they crouch. This crouching embarrasses our intelligence; the crouchers are like cats before a mousehole. "Why don't they just sit down in a chair and exist?" she said. "They aren't content to do this, they have an avidity, they don't want to talk to people in order to know them, but only to learn something from them. They become critics. Nothing ever happens in the presence of the little critic. A person of genius may be boring—he has his jokes and stories; but all this is compensated for by the flavor of his presence, which sooner or later penetrates the situation. With people it's the same as with poetry—bulk is necessary. I like people who are like good fruits—much juice. I couldn't live in an atmosphere uncharged with personal existence. Writers can't write in the midst of everyday life; I can't exist in the midst of everyday vibrations."

After our conversations I would go walking in the evening, past the muted fountain and the lighted church, through the silent hills. Sometimes the village people told me it would snow in the high mountains that night; often we could feel the snow waiting to fall. Then we would dine surrounded by fruits and flowers on peasant walls, we would open the windows toward the distant snow, the valleys were full of lights like stars. When I went up-

stairs Georgette would be singing Honneger's "Adieu," with the heartbreaking words by Apollinaire:

J'ai cueilli ce brin de bruyère
L'automne est morte, souviens-t'en
Nous ne nous verrons plus sur terre
Odeur du temps, brin de bruyère
Et souviens-toi que je t'attends.

I stood in the door to listen and said goodnight as after an event. At midnight I wakened and turned on the radio. Waltzes from Frankfurt. I looked out the window—a mountain, a cloud, a star, a waltz on earth. . . .

This was my daily life in those years. No one has ever told me of living in an equal uninterrupted felicity. Perhaps no one else would enjoy it. I don't understand why not. I always hoped for it and I found it. This was the blue skies and white clouds of all my days.

ANOTHER REASON for my ubiquitous happiness was my vanity. To begin with, I liked myself—liked the way I behaved, the way I thought and felt, the way I looked—except for certain obvious defects which with intelligence, labor and discomfort I could disguise. I disliked certain characteristics—for one, my way of living in italics. I had too much to say and used too many words to say it; I wished I had the dignity to say nothing or the poise to say something focused and clear. But, in all seriousness of vanity, I liked myself because as a human statement I could give myself an almost unqualified approval. I was glad never to have felt underhanded, never to have needed double motives or to have advanced behind defense mechanisms (I thought); glad to know that never in my life had I said anything to anyone in anger that I couldn't later repeat and find to be coherent, apropos, measured,

just. These virtues not only pleased me, they gave me a ruling attitude—with divine rights and privileges.

All this made me a dictator. I could win all arguments because I could prove that the artist always wins over the intellectual; on the other hand, I could prove that the intensities of temperament (which I loved) must be subjected to the mind's discriminations (which I loved more); I could convince the religionist that he must incorporate science, and the scientist that he must comprehend superscience; I could demonstrate that knowledge must always bow to understanding; I could force everyone to respect the exaltations; I could even give form to that formless thing, romantic love; I could arrange all elements into the proper pictures, I could produce composition on all sides; I could edit life as I would a manuscript, to extract the quintessence of its yield.

Such a person lives on the conviction of always being right. I thought I knew the difference between right and wrong, good and bad, that I had an infallible judgment of what was "most" moving or beautiful or interesting. Many people hated me for this but I couldn't see why. If I said that Art had been present in the cinema on only four or five occasions—in "Caligari," in "The Beggars' Opera" (German), in Olivier's Shakespeare, in Disney's "Old Mill," in one moment of "Odd Man Out"—my statement might be true, why was it antagonistic? If someone said it wasn't true I wasn't antagonized, I was excited, I wanted to hear his proof, I would withdraw mine if his could carry me away. I didn't understand why people wanted to strike me because I said such things. It would be more logical for me to go about striking people because they didn't say them—because they said less interesting things. But many people have no standards of interest. I had always considered such standards to be as definite as standards of time in music. But years ago—the strain of the memory is with me still—I went to a concert with someone who said "What a lovely waltz movement" when the orchestra was playing a movement in

$4/4$ time. I said, "It's not a waltz, it's $4/4$." She said, "No, $3/4$." I said, " $4/4$ —beat it out and you'll see." She beat a few measures vaguely. I took her hand and made it beat precisely. She said, "No, it's $3/4$." I said, "I will go mad if you can't hear it right." It was $4/4$ —I showed her the score afterward.

I always felt that I knew the score. From morning till night I lived like an orchestra conductor. My bed always faced the light so that I felt in command of my room. My first sensation when I woke was of reaching for a baton. Breakfast was already on my bedtable. I lighted the alcohol lamp and while the coffee heated I looked about—first at nature, to judge the day and decide what plan was imposed by sun, rain, wind or snow; then at our personal world to decide which plight took precedence over others. Almost no events took place but everything that did take place was an event to me. And I wanted my events planned. There was something so attractive to me in plans that I applied them even to moods. I used to say, "Now let's be interesting" or "Now let's be amusing." This usually had a dampening effect on everyone except Jane Heap who also loved plans and was never so amusing as by design. Plans offer arrangement and I had discovered that arrangement was the elixir above all others that stimulated my glands; organization—of objects, situations, places, people, pleasure, work, ideas.

Order is life to me. I could, if necessary, live in dirt but never in disorder. A place for everything and everything in its place—this is only the beginning of it. *What* places? Not arrangement in any or all ways, but arrangement in certain ways. Everything bears a relation to everything else, the eye travels from left to right, order may be defined as "objects vibrating in harmony," the laws are important and must be kept. Georgette, who revered disorder, said that to live as I did would make her feel she was living the life of a doll. "Curious," I said, "instead of a doll I feel like Bach. He said, 'The order which rules music is the same order that controls the placing of the stars and the feathers in a bird's

wing—it is essential and eternal. Nothing was ever created in disorder—the chaotic and unfinished are against the laws of the spirit. I like to feel myself in the middle of harmony.’ ”

Form living—this is what I want. I like to eliminate confusion from life as I do from a house. Sometimes I reduce my room to chaos, until my muscles ache to begin its reconstruction, plan it all out again, set it in order, turn it into form. At the end I feel that I have created a world. Why not? A planned universe, a planned room—plans begin at home. My plans have made me aware of rhythm in all things, kept me from feeling like a star wandering from its course, preserved me from life’s most dire formlessness—domesticity.

The laws of order are unalterable, perhaps this is why they are the only delightful laws. There are no two sides to the question, there is confusion or order, chaos or—a choice, a distinction, a proof, a crusade. There is a phrase I dislike—“law and order.” I never use it, to me it has no sense; it should be changed to “the laws of order.” You can’t talk about law without antagonizing me. Human laws are full of holes—what is good one day, in one place, is bad in another. I like my laws airtight. Like seven days in a week, or the cart behind the horse.

If I were to compose ten definitions of order I should do it like this: 1. A plan for everything and everything in its plan. 2. A plan recognized by other planners. 3. One good plan leading to another. 4. A study in conception. 5. The organization of relations. 6. The conditions of creation. 7. Arrangement *à propos*. 8. The octave. 9. Dancing. 10. Church architecture for week days.

And I have another mania about order which no one seems to respect as I do. I am always disturbed when someone catches me on the wing and asks me if I don’t want to do something. I want to answer: “I never *want* to do anything, at any time, except to continue what I am already doing until I have finished it.”

I HAVE never lived in a room that wasn’t a still-life—I couldn’t.



Eileen Shaw

THE STALLION

A COOL WIND slithered through the room quick as a centipede, setting the prisms aquiver and marking every corner with a glancing orb of color, and Miss Blossom, feeling it, quivered slightly herself and turned to see if the moving curtains had blown against the curios. But the curtains were not moving. Limp and sheer they hung, letting in a little light, creating a little shadow. And all the lustrous cherry wood of table, chairs, and settee shown like warm fruit in the sun. Miss Blossom pattered across to the mirror. White curls heaped high and tied with a velvet ribbon; her skin smoothly crinkled like worn tissue paper; two brown velvet eyes. She was pleased with herself, the only person she had ever known to have remained unchanged for forty years. Exactly the same, she thought, and then her chin trembled. The stallion on the mantle grinned. He was china, purple china, with a rearing head and prancing paws, and a row of fine white china teeth which were now grinning horribly. "Oh no!" cried Miss Blossom. "Oh no!"

But the little stallion reared and showed his teeth in a grim

laugh and off the mantle he pranced, whipping up such confusion the prisms jangled and fell like icicles, and Miss Blossom held to the mantle in terror before the beating hooves. She struck out and heard the click of her diamonds against his firm side and then the crash as he fell to the hearth. "Oh dear," sighed Miss Blossom. "The pretty little horse. Lucy must sweep up the pieces." Her heart was painful in its throbbing as she left the room.

It was a lovely morning to walk. The street was littered with petals as though a parade had passed with throngs of people throwing white confetti. Miss Blossom wore her veil and now and then a falling petal adhered to it and she brushed it away with a gloved hand. Somehow it made her feel as though she had been crying, the half-blindness produced by a blob of white petal. That pleasant feeling after a long night of tears when the eyes are half-opened, the lids swollen and the throat fevered, but the cheeks dry after the salty flow. Unless she could buy something, Miss Blossom saw no point in walking so she stopped at the market and bought a grapefruit. On her way out she took a thin bunch of daffodils which she paid for, and one lemon which she didn't.

Ahead of her she saw that Brooks, the milkman, had left his horse and wagon by the curb, so she dallied a little, murmuring inane words to a dusty cat that was walking along a window sill. Then she paused to examine a torn envelope lying in the gutter. Brooks was slow. There was no further excuse to delay so Miss Blossom tightly clasped her bag and walked forward, but the horse saw her. He turned his head slightly, drew back his lips revealing the long white teeth as he smiled. He put his two forefeet on the curb half turning the wagon as he did so. Miss Blossom began to run but he was too fast for her. Sliding free from his reins, he thundered behind her and crashed against the door, his great hooves pounding, muffled on the carpet now flecked with foam from his jaws. He reared, half touching the ceiling, and Miss Blossom fell into her chair. "Oh no," she whispered. "Oh no." He was coming, rearing, balancing wonderfully well on his hind legs

like a dancing circus horse and she could smell his strong manure smell and feel the heat from his mouth. There was a crash and Miss Blossom opened her eyes and saw Brooks turning the horse back into the street, shoving and kicking at him, and a basket of bottles was on the sidewalk, one broken and the white milk staining the concrete.

Twilight was long and still, silent despite the cheeping of sparrows as they bedded down in the eaves. Twilight was too long, for beyond it was the menace of night, dark and endless when the world was alone. Better the blinding sun and then quick darkness, the obliteration of a sudden death. However, most of the year there was the long torture. A dimness, then a rosy afterglow, perhaps even a shaft of sunlight, tormenting, teasing, promising, and then breaking its promise, for the night always came.

Miss Blossom played with her cup and spoon. She half whistled a little tune jauntily, as though her maid Lucy would not be out this night. As though Lucy in her alcove under the eaves were of use any time. "Good night, Miss Blossom," said Lucy. "Good night," Miss Blossom replied.

When the doorbell rang Lucy had been gone an hour but Miss Blossom had not moved. Her eyes had adjusted with the light and she could see the shadows of the leaves, the gray light of night not yet come. The sound of the bell was jangling in every bone, urgent, imperative. Miss Blossom untied her fingers and moved quietly to the door and opened it. He had come at last, her lover. Forty years and now he had come. He smiled. The dark violet light on a face brown and dark with time, and the grinning row of white china teeth hot breath pouring out upon her. The extended hands, paws, rearing, hot and big, and he had found her. "Oh no," whispered Miss Blossom and she toppled to the floor stone dead.



Vincent C. Kelley

NEW MEXICO'S POSITION IN A WESTERN IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY

ONE DOES NOT ordinarily think of New Mexico as an iron-producing state. The mineral production of the State is now, as in many years past, dominated by such commodities as copper, potash, or zinc. It is not generally known that New Mexico has produced iron ore every year for the past sixty years with the exception of four years from 1932 to 1935. The total production amounts to nearly seven million long tons with a value estimated at nearly \$15,000,000. Of course, this is not much when compared to the great production of Minnesota, Wisconsin, or Michigan, the leading producers of iron ore in the United States. It assumes greater importance, however, when compared with production from other western states. There have been periods in the past when the western iron and steel industry depended rather strongly upon the New Mexican production.

New Mexico is predominantly a producer of raw materials and

is likely to remain in that category for a long time. Nevertheless, industry is coming increasingly to New Mexico, and it is not impossible that a small iron and steel plant will someday be established in the State provided, among other things, that water supplies are adequate. Regardless of whether a fabricating industry is established it appears certain that a western iron and steel industry will continue to rely in varying degrees upon New Mexican iron resources.

Knowledge of our natural resources is important to future planning and development of the State. Whereas many are unaware of the New Mexico iron-mining industry, it is also true that others have overestimated the iron reserves of the State. In order to determine the iron-ore resources of New Mexico I made a survey of the State through interrupted periods from 1942-1947. The detailed results of this survey have been made available recently in a University of New Mexico bulletin. In this article the nature, extent, and past production of iron ore from New Mexico are briefly described.

Iron Deposits

MINERALOGY. The important iron-ore minerals are for the most part ordinary and generally recognizable to most laymen by their red and brown colors. The common iron-ore minerals of New Mexico are as follows:

<i>Mineral</i>	<i>Composition</i>	<i>Percent Iron</i>
Magnetite	FeFe_2O_4	72.4
Hematite	Fe_2O_3	69.9
Goethite	HFeO_2	62.9
Limonite	$\text{FeO}(\text{OH}) \cdot n\text{H}_2\text{O}$	59-63

Magnetite is an iron-black mineral which is attracted by an ordinary magnet. A variety known as lodestone has polarity like a magnet and is capable of "picking up" other iron objects. It is black in powdered form.

Hematite is a red-brown mineral which may be fine grained

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and dense, flaky, or fibrous. It is readily identified by its red-brown color in powdered form.

Goethite is a yellow-brown to dark-brown fibrous mineral less common than the others. It occurs in nodular and pendant forms and is yellow-brown in powdered form.

Limonite is a yellow ochre, yellow-brown, or dark-brown mineral that is amorphous and lusterless. The powder is yellow brown.

Magnetite and hematite are the most abundant of these minerals. Many iron-ore deposits contain some of all these minerals, but in the usual case deposits are predominantly or almost entirely composed of one mineral. Although most of the past production had been classified as magnetite in the statistical reports of the Federal Bureau of Mines, it has commonly contained considerable hematite. In view of the large low-grade sedimentary hematite deposits it is quite possible that hematite is equal in abundance to magnetite in the State.

Although the percentage and kind of iron minerals are of prime importance in determining the grade of a deposit, the associated gangue, or worthless minerals, and impurities are of utmost importance in determining the value or exploitability of a deposit. Calcite ("lime") and manganese increase the desirability of an iron ore, but quartz, sulfur, and phosphorus decrease the desirability. New Mexico iron ores contain differing amounts of impurities or gangue minerals.

Some of the ores are non-commercial because the sulfur or phosphorus is only a fraction of one percent too high. On the other hand, the ores of Boston Hill near Silver City contain only about 35 percent iron, yet their value is greater than usual because of the desirable manganese which is present in amounts up to about 15 percent. Other things being equal, a high-grade, 60 percent iron-ore deposit containing 2 or 3 percent sulfur and no lime would constitute a much poorer reserve than one averaging 45 percent iron, no sulfur, and 15 percent lime. It is perhaps of

interest that some New Mexican iron ores have contained minor amounts of gold, silver, and tungsten, and that small tonnages have been mined and sold because of these metals rather than the iron.

A list of the gangue minerals found with the iron-ore minerals is too long to be included here. The principal ones, however, are listed below in approximately the order of their abundance.

<i>Mineral</i>	<i>Composition</i>
1. Calcite	CaCO_3
2. Quartz	SiO_2
3. Garnet	$(\text{Ca,Fe})_3\text{Al}_2(\text{SiO}_4)_3$
4. Serpentine	$\text{H}_4\text{Mg}_3\text{Si}_2\text{O}_9$
5. Tremolite	$(\text{CaFe})_2\text{Mg}_5(\text{OH})_2(\text{Si}_4\text{O}_{11})_2$
6. Mica	$\text{KMg}_3(\text{OH})_2\text{Si}_3\text{O}_{10}$
7. Epidote	$\text{Ca}_2(\text{AlFe})_2(\text{AlOH})(\text{SiO}_4)_3$

GRADE. Grade refers to the quantity of a particular metal in an ore. The iron content of New Mexico ores theoretically might contain as much as 72.4 percent iron, which is the iron content of pure magnetite, the richest form of naturally occurring iron. Actually however, ore bodies of minable size contain other than iron minerals in varying proportions and the content of iron in mineral bodies ranges from 0 to 72.4 percent.

The Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation, the chief purchaser, generally specifies a minimum iron content in contracts with shippers. For small mines this is generally 53 percent iron. For large operations or places where the ore contains desirable constituents such as lime or manganese the minimum iron content might be as low as 48 percent. However, lower grade ores are more difficult to handle in the blast furnaces, and their mining and shipment are discouraged.

Inasmuch as the price of iron ore is only about seven cents for each one percent of iron in the ore, the operator can afford to mine only the high-grade parts of an iron ore body. The average

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grade of ore that has been shipped from New Mexico is 55 percent iron. At the present time ore of this grade would be worth (55 percent x 7¢) \$3.85 per ton and out of this the cost of mining and freight to Pueblo, Colorado, must be paid before a profit can be realized. Individual small shipments have been as high as 64 percent iron. Many of the ore bodies that have been mined in New Mexico have not averaged overall more than 45 to 50 percent iron, yet by careful selection in mining it has been possible to ship a better than 50 percent product.

Ore is a mineral deposit from which a metal, or metals, may be extracted at a profit. According to this definition many iron deposits in New Mexico could not be ore, strictly speaking. Under present adverse conditions of the high cost of labor, materials, and transportation it is quite likely that an iron deposit would have to be better than 55 percent iron.

OCCURRENCES. Nearly all the iron ore of New Mexico is in the southern half of the State. Shipments have been made from about fifty different deposits in fourteen districts. Grant, Lincoln, Socorro, Sierra, Otero, Dona Ana, Colfax, Taos, Rio Arriba, and Santa Fe Counties contain deposits of iron, but only those of Grant, Sierra, Socorro, and Lincoln are likely to produce much ore in the future.

On a strictly scientific basis the iron ores of New Mexico may be classified into at least six or seven categories. There are, however, only three important genetic types in the State, as follows: (1) those formed by hot fluids in limestone near granitic bodies (*contact deposits*); (2) those formed by the oxidizing and concentrating action of air and rain water near the surface of the earth (*supergene deposits*); (3) those formed by sedimentary deposition as beds on the bottoms of ancient seas (*syngenetic sedimentary deposits*).

The *contact deposits* are most numerous in New Mexico and are found in districts where copper, zinc, and gold have been pros-

pected or mined. They occur in large pods or roughly tabular bodies up to several tens of feet wide and several thousand feet long. The ore mineral is dominantly magnetite and it commonly contains a gangue of garnet, serpentine, tremolite, epidote, or mica.

Many small contact deposits occur in Lincoln County near Capitan, White Oaks, and Corona. Larger deposits of this type have been mined in the Orogrande district, Otero County, and large deposits are present in the rather remote Iron Mountain district near Winston, Sierra County. The largest and most productive deposits are in the vicinity of Hanover and Fierro, Grant County. These deposits yielded iron ores almost without interruption from 1889 to 1931. In the vicinity of Fierro great open cuts, glory holes, and railroad benches mark the hillsides as a result of the long-term mining operations. Several tens of thousands of feet of underground tunnels and dark-walled mining rooms run through the deposits that lie beneath the hills. These deposits would be included among the four or five largest in the West.

The *supergene* deposits are dominated by the manganiferous iron ores of Boston Hill just west of Silver City, Grant County. The iron (35+ percent) and manganese (15+ percent) of these deposits were formerly deposited in lesser amounts of carbonates by hot fluids similar to the contact deposits. The present blanket-like bodies of ore were concentrated by the chemical action of air and rain water during the erosion of Boston Hill. The deposits were first prospected and mined for small amounts of silver contained in the ores. Later the manganiferous iron ores were mined in underground workings, but during the past decade they have been mined on a larger scale in open pits. They are the only deposits that have been mined since 1944. The operations are those of a miniature Masabi. The ore is loaded into trucks by steam shovels operating in open cuts along the low hillsides.

The *syngenetic sedimentary* deposits occur as original hema-

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tite beds near the bottom of the oldest sedimentary formation in New Mexico. This formation is known as the Bliss sandstone from its occurrence near Fort Bliss, Texas. The "iron" bed is a mass of tiny spheres about the size of fish eggs known as ooliths, and the ore is described as oolitic hematite. There are great tonnages of this low-grade ore in localized beds up to twelve feet thick in the San Andrés, Caballos, Black, Mimbres, and Silver City ranges in the vicinity of latitude 30° North.

Ores of this general type, however, form the basis of large iron and steel industries in other parts of the world. Notable among these are the Birmingham, Alabama, deposits, which are seven to twelve feet thick and average about 37 percent iron, 7.1 percent silica, and 19 percent lime. The iron and steel industry of France is based on ores of this kind in Lorraine which are three to fifteen feet thick and average about 35 percent iron, 13 percent silica, and 10 percent lime. Similar ores averaging only 22 percent iron are used in England at the present time.

The Caballos Range deposits of New Mexico are six to twelve feet thick and average 33 percent iron, 34 percent silica, and 4 percent lime. The silica would have to be removed before use in a blast furnace.

Production

NEW MEXICO ranks third in total iron ore output up to 1945. The peak of production came in 1927 when 306,695 long tons were shipped to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation at Pueblo, Colorado. About 92,000 long tons of this production was mangiferous iron ore from Boston Hill near Silver City. The remainder came from the Fierro district. The peak production of regular iron ore from the Fierro district came in 1920 when the U. S. Smelting, Refining, and Mining Company shipped 233,719 long tons. During the war year of 1918 production from five districts yielded 301,125 long tons. During 1942 seven districts produced 168,937 long tons—about half from Boston Hill.

Reserves

RESERVE OF ORE refers to the quantity of ore estimated to be available by mining. Ore may be well exposed at the surface and hence that part is highly certain of existence. Its existence below the surface at greater and greater depths becomes, however, increasingly a matter of geologic speculation. From the point of view of certainty, ore reserves may be divided into two categories: (1) probable and (2) possible. Furthermore, reserves may be separated into grade categories. The current inventory of New Mexico reserves of iron ore is as follows:

1. Probable ore:

Plus 35 percent iron	25,000,000 long tons
Minus 35 percent iron	2,000,000 long tons

2. Possible ore:

Plus 35 percent iron	47,000,000 long tons
Minus 35 percent iron	68,000,000 long tons

Total: 142,000,000 long tons

Thus there are 72,000,000 long tons of *plus 35 percent* iron ore and 70,000,000 tons of *minus 35 percent* iron ore of probable and possible categories currently estimated for New Mexico. The estimates are generally conservative and further exploration or mining is likely to increase the reserves.

Western Iron and Steel Industry

THE WESTERN iron and steel industry began in 1881 with the completion of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's plant at Pueblo, Colorado. At first Colorado ores from the Orient district were the chief source of iron. However, most of the history of iron mining in the West has been dominated by the Sunshine mines of the Hartville district, Wyoming, which supplied the Pueblo fur-

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naces with most of their ores from 1904 to 1945. During this interval New Mexico ores were the chief secondary supply until about 1927 when Utah became the second source. Since 1943 the large Iron Mountain deposits of southwestern Utah have dominated the western production picture with Wyoming and California second and third. The decline in New Mexico output is due to cessation of mining by the U. S. Smelting, Refining, and Mining Company.

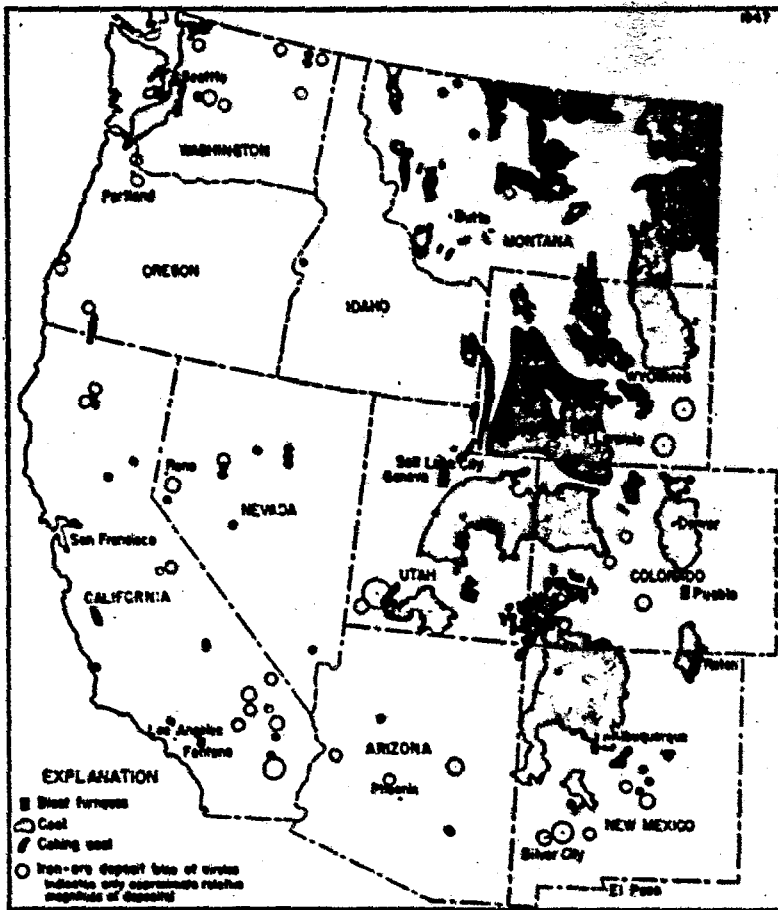


FIG. 1. Production of iron ore in Western States and the United States (1880-1945)

In addition to the Colorado plant which supplied iron rails, steel plate, etc. in the West for many decades, blast furnaces were built at Ironton, Utah, in 1924 and at Geneva, Utah, and Fontana, California, in 1942.

Recently iron and steel plants have been built in Texas. Also there are two iron and steel plants in northeastern Mexico, one in Coahuila at Monclova and the other in Nuevo Leon at Monterrey. Open hearths and rolling mills working on scrap iron have been in operation on the Pacific Coast for several decades. The war-built plants at Geneva and Fontana appear to have given a large impetus to the western industry. As of January 1, 1946, the annual blast furnace capacity of the West as a whole was 2,836,000 net tons.

The continued existence or growth of this industry depends largely upon the nature of the competition from eastern plants and the economic conditions in the West during the period of firmly establishing the new plants. With proper financial backing, good management, and fair freight rates which would enable markets to be held from the more distant eastern sources, the western industry should thrive and grow.

The blast furnaces of Utah and Colorado were located on the basis of proximity to deposits of iron and coal. The Fontana blast furnace and steel plant on the other hand is not situated according to the long established principle of location between ore and coal. It is located at great distance (810 miles) from Utah coking coal but close to iron ore, scrap iron, seaboard, and ship-building industry. Normally a blast furnace is more economically situated closer to coal than iron ore because of the lower freight rates on the latter.

The best coking coal areas are the Book Cliff field 120 miles southeast of Geneva, Utah, and the Raton field of New Mexico and Colorado. Iron-ore deposits are widely scattered in the West, but most of them are too small to support a blast furnace long enough to amortize its cost. The largest reserves are in the Iron Mountain district of Utah. The four largest districts and their reserves are as follows:

Iron Mountain, Utah	100,000,000 long tons
Fierro, New Mexico	50,000,000 long tons

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Eagle Mountain, California	43,000,000 long tons
Hartville, Wyoming	10,000,000 long tons

It may be seen from Figure 2 that from the point of view of the principal raw materials central New Mexico occupies as favorable a position as Utah and Colorado for an iron and steel plant. The Middle Rio Grande Valley lies between ore in the southern part of the State and coking coal in the northern part. The distances of iron ore and coking coal from Albuquerque as compared to those of the three existing blast furnaces of the Western States are:

	<i>Iron Ore</i>	<i>Coking Coal</i>	<i>Total Distance</i>
Geneva, Utah	240 miles	95 miles	335 miles
Fontana, Calif.	145 "	810 "	955 "
Pueblo, Colo.	360-820 "	92 "	452-912 "
Albuquerque, N.M.	300 "	240 "	540 "

Approximately two tons of ore, one and six-tenths tons of coking coal, and nearly one-half ton of limestone flux are needed to produce one ton of pig iron. Therefore, about four tons of raw materials must be assembled to produce one ton of pig iron. Additional flux and ferro-alloys are necessary to convert pig into steel. Large supplies of water are also necessary. New Mexico occupies a very favorable position among the Western States with regard to supplies of fluxes and natural sources of ferro-alloy metals such as manganese, molybdenum, vanadium, and tungsten.

Factors deterrent to the establishment of a New Mexico iron and steel industry are as follows: (1) lack of a state or local market of sufficient size, (2) existence of competitive industries in Colorado, Utah, and California, (3) lack of scrap iron, (4) discriminatory freight rates in favor of eastern industry, and (5) uncertainty of ample water supplies.

Probably the most important consideration in connection with the feasibility of establishing a New Mexico iron and steel industry is whether a sufficient market exists in the area. Of course, the

industry could not compete in the heavy steel and iron market which lies principally in the East or along the coasts. The possible or potential market includes only light-weight steel products such as tubing, re-enforcement steel and sheet metal. An economic survey should be made to determine the boundaries of the market area and its nature and size. The boundaries are determined by transportation costs and the competitive situation compared with the industries in Colorado, Utah, California, Mexico and Texico. Such a survey would not only determine the sufficiency of a market, but it would also serve to determine the most efficient size of plants to serve the market.

In California where scrap iron has been plentiful for a con-

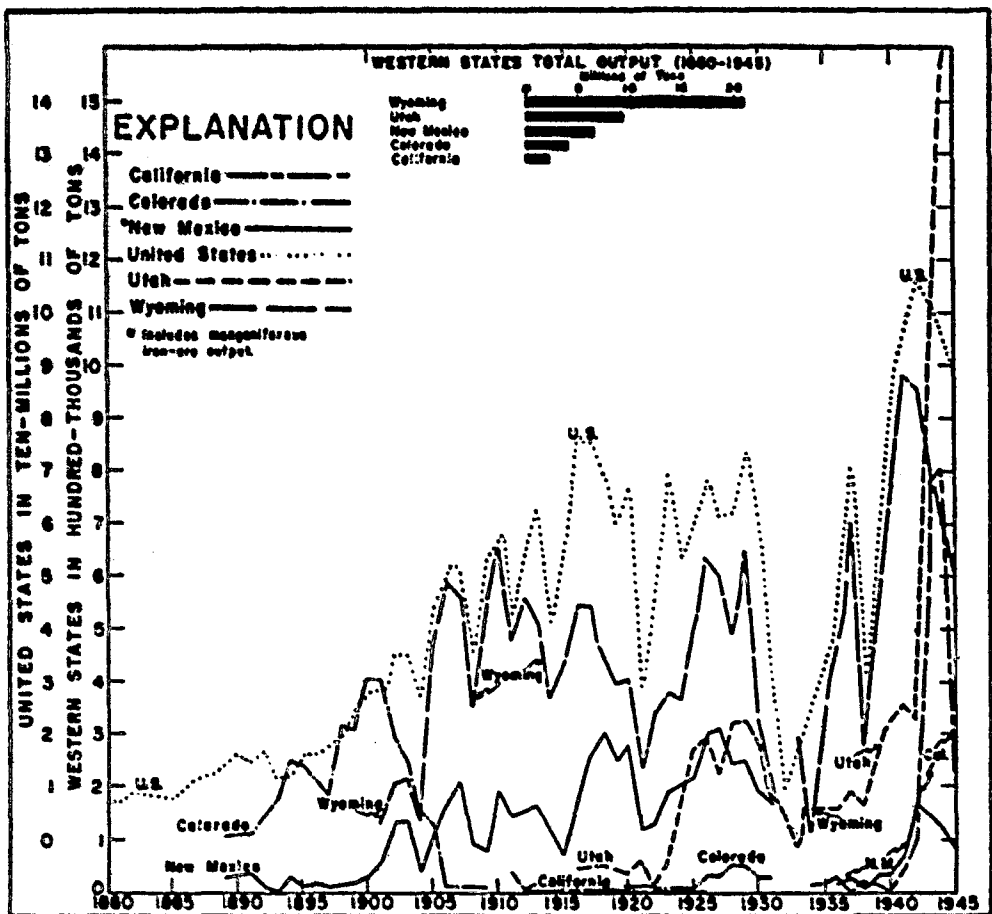


FIG. 2. Distribution of blast furnaces, coal, coking coal, and iron ore in the Western States

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siderable time, steel plants have been founded on this source of material alone. It is doubtful whether scrap will accumulate in New Mexico in a usable manner for a long time to come. However, the establishment of an iron and steel industry based on iron ores probably would result sooner or later in scrap supplies which could augment the iron supplies.

There is little doubt that New Mexico as well as much of the West has been subjected to discriminatory freight rates, especially on its raw materials. The move is under way now to determine the present situation, and it does not appear that complete and unbiased information on the subject can do harm to New Mexico future development. But whether the freight rates can be adjusted to the betterment of New Mexico's economic welfare or not, as long as the raw materials are shipped hundreds or thousands of miles out of the State to be fabricated and then shipped back, the freight bill will be more than double what it might be if the iron and steel industry could be in the State.

The uncertainty of ample water supplies for industry along the Rio Grande Valley is closely linked to population increase, especially in the larger towns, and to agricultural needs. What water exists on the surface and below the surface must be divided between the urban, industrial, and agricultural needs. If the total of these needs exceeds the supply, then the growth or substantial existence of one or all of the three activities must be altered. Through the natural population expansion and the additions to populations made by location of government military and research groups in the area, the urban needs are expanding rapidly. This results in expansion of both the agricultural and industrial needs for water. Furthermore, the efforts to bring various large manufacturing industries to the Valley, in order to create a more stable foundation for the population, are on the increase. Thus, for a large water-consuming industry such as iron and steel manufacturing, it is of considerable importance to examine the water supplies of the Valley from the overall point of view as well as that

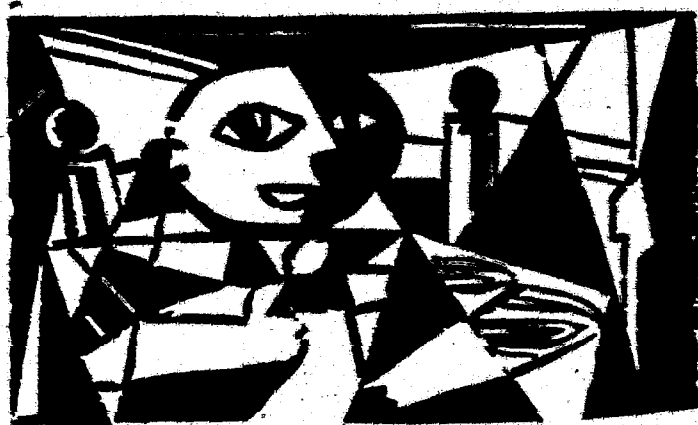
of the industry. Conservation of water in the Valley and importation of water from outside of the Valley can help alleviate the uncertainty of the water supplies.

In addition, it is necessary that the site of a proposed iron and steel industry have a supply of labor and good transportation facilities. It is estimated that for every man employed in the production of raw materials from iron ore through the steel ingots, four or five are employed by manufacturing plants which use the steel.

The railroads in the West were built in the early days without markets. The markets came as a result of the railroads. The Kaiser Plant, California, and Geneva Plant, Utah, were built as the result of a war emergency, not because of existing normal markets. Yet they appear to be capable of survival and markets develop around them.

Long tunnels are driven in order to drain water from ore bodies and make them minable; ditches are dug to reclaim farm land; and rivers are dammed to make power and furnish water—all at public expense. Perhaps then it is just as reasonable to build a blast furnace at public expense to “reclaim” or make available a neglected iron ore reserve and to develop local industry. A blast furnace located in New Mexico long ago would have saved about one dollar a ton in freight on 7,000,000 tons of iron ore already mined. An associated light-weight steel fabricating plant would have saved a tremendous freight bill on steel products shipped from the East.

At present in order to establish a New Mexico industry it would probably be necessary to obtain considerable public support. If supported until markets were developed and secured, its success and expansion might be assured. In the meantime, as the ores of presently producing Western States are depleted, the economic position of New Mexico's ores is perhaps improved.



Warren Beck

A VERDICT OF INNOCENCE

GRAMPA BANCROFT shook the morning paper back into shape. He folded it evenly to take downstairs, in case his daughter-in-law had time for a glance at it. She probably wouldn't, though. She would be driving herself all the more severely after that clash with Paul at breakfast. The boy had done nothing really bad. He had only tipped his spoonful of oatmeal, while talking and gesturing, and let it dribble on the tablecloth. But Ruby hadn't scolded him just for that. She was exasperated by his forgetfulness of time and the ten long blocks between him and the junior high school. While he had been telling his grandfather about the shack he and Peter were building, Paul's entire concern was with where they could get any more old orange crates.

"Your spoon, Paul," Ruby had cried, too late.

Then she had dashed around the table to dab at the spilt cream with her napkin, going on more and more severely, asking Paul would he ever learn to pay attention to what he was doing and didn't he know he'd be late if he didn't hurry, and then branching into a many itemed lament over his faults, his

incurable, unendurable indifference and irresponsibility and his just plain sloppiness and laziness. Paul had murmured he was sorry, and lowering his head had spooned up his oatmeal as if doing strenuous penance. Ruby had gained too much momentum, though; in a rising voice she elaborated her critical review of his conduct—the mud he tracked into the house, the mess his desk was in, and why hadn't he taken back his library books that were overdue, and when his father came home from Chicago tomorrow what would he say about the rust on the good saw Paul had taken into the yard and left there overnight, and why was he wearing that dirty shirt when she'd laid out a clean one for him, and had he washed his face or combed his hair, and did he want to look like a pig?

"No'm," Paul had said meekly, "excuse me," and he had run upstairs to brush his teeth, which he didn't always remember to do without being told.

Coming up a minute later with the morning paper, Grampa Bancroft had stopped at the open door of the bathroom long enough to tell Paul that perhaps he could find some empty crates in the alley behind the A. & P., or he might even ask inside whether they had any, and if so, he and Peter could take their wagons and maybe bring back a good lot. Paul had turned his spattered face sideways, grinning.

"Gee, Grampa, thanks," he had said. "That's a swell idea."

"Well, you can try it, anyhow," Grampa Bancroft had told him.

The old man had not stayed to hear the dilatory boy harried out of the house. He had gone on into his own place, the big sitting room at the far end of the second floor, and there he had closed the door behind him. The house belonged to him, but only this room, with its connected bedroom and bath, seemed really his now that he had given over the rest of it. Those months alone after his wife died had been such a monotony of inaction and sad silence that when his son had gone into

the army, Grampa Bancroft had invited Ruby and little Paul to come stay with him, for their common comfort. When John had returned after the war and couldn't find a suitable house for his family, it seemed best to continue the existing arrangement. It had been more than convenient for the old man, in fact. He acknowledged a godsend. This child who had christened him Grampa had drawn him back toward life, had somewhat revived the colors of a world his wife's death had left bleached, cold, hardly more habitable than a barren moon-landscape.

In the war years and since, he had seen his grandson go from kindergarten to seventh grade; he had read to him repeatedly of Winnie-the-Pooh, had promoted him to *Wind in the Willows*, and had lately presented him with *Treasure Island* and *Huckleberry Finn* at what seemed the first right entrancing moment. Little Paul had played with blocks and cars on the floor while his grandfather reread Conrad and Trollope; growing Paul had requested checker games on rainy days and had kept a habit of coming in with excited reports of affairs he and his comrade Peter were projecting. Increasingly Grampa Bancroft had centered his lonely mind upon the child. He had been careful, though, to make no claims. He had tried also to avoid indulging Paul; he had counseled him to speak politely, to take reasonable care of his toys and books, and to be patient in whatever he attempted. Their relations, he liked to think, had remained spontaneous and easy. He hoped he had been of some help to Paul, though he knew that could never compare with the consolation and the joy Paul had brought him.

Grampa Bancroft and Ruby had got along fairly well, too, but that was different, a matter of necessity and the product of calculation and tact. He had told her at once that she was to run the house as she saw fit; he would find what privacy he wanted in his own rooms, and she was to feel that the rest of the place was hers. The wholesome and tasty diet she conscientiously prepared for Paul at every meal pleased Grampa Ban-

croft too, so they made each other no trouble about that. He helped her in many little ways, to give himself some manual tasks when he tired of reading. He chopped kindling and kept wood ready-laid in the living room fireplace because he saw Ruby liked to have a cup of coffee there when her friends dropped in. He emptied wastebaskets daily. He always made his bed and dusted his rooms. He washed dishes too, frequently, but not quite regularly, not with any sense between them that he was committed to do so. And he had almost always been there in the house when Paul came in from school or if Ruby wanted to go out at night, which was no burden on him but a great convenience to her, he knew.



Things were going somewhat better, too, now that John was there at least part of the time. Ruby had relaxed a little from the tenseness of a long and fear-ridden separation. John was traveling a great deal these days, trying to get a sales force re-organized, and his departures and arrivals still echoed a poignancy from wartime, holding the family in a familiar mood. After being gone a week he would arrive with little presents for them all, and Ruby would have a special dinner. John would listen genially to Paul for five minutes at a time and would attempt some mild conversation with his father on the news. Husband and wife would look at each other intently in the candlelight at table, everyone would help with the dishes, and

then they'd sit eating some of the fine candy John had brought and hear about his trip and tell him what had happened at home and all get to bed rather early.

To the old man his son John's strong attachment to this strange woman was incomprehensible. Grampa Bancroft admitted that Ruby seemed strange to him only as all those whom one does not love remain strangers, whatever one's acquaintance and contact with them. He had realized too that his doing chores about the house was not only for diversion but so that he should owe Ruby nothing, and less than nothing, since a debt to one he could not love would be disquieting. He acknowledged further that a deep mutual affection was not probable in this most accidental of associations, the housing together of in-laws. It was well enough if they lived in peace. Ruby was consistently kind to him, of course, in her thorough, hurried, anxious way; and she was often telling her friends that she didn't know how she'd get along without Grampa Bancroft—especially she couldn't have got along without him during the war—and he was wonderful to Paul. But it was still a stranger—however familiar in her immaculate housedress and perfect coiffure, however predictable in her methods, nevertheless a stranger—whom Grampa Bancroft heard now rinsing and stacking the breakfast dishes in the kitchen, a stranger in deference to whose proclaimed implacable tastes he was refolding the paper before taking it downstairs, on his way to washing those dishes for her.

Entering the kitchen, he opened a drawer and took out his own apron. Ruby said what she always said, that he needn't help, and he replied as usual, that it would give him something to do. He realized more strongly than before how staying away this morning might have seemed too pointedly disapproving of what had happened at breakfast. She closed the drain in the sink, and as she sprinkled soap powder she sneezed delicately, but this time she omitted her routine jest about housemaid's

snuff; undoubtedly she was still depressed from that tiff. He ran hot water into the sink, she came with the drying rack and dish towel, and they were off like two robots. First the glasses, then the flat silver; that was Ruby's method. Whenever he had washed dishes for his wife on the maid's day out, he would grab things in any order, and in their talking often they'd forget pans still on the stove, which they'd laugh at, he remembered, and leave until after the next meal if they felt so inclined. Ruby's domestic procedures, however, were invariable and uncompromising. For the laundress there was a typed list of instructions, tacked up over the washing machine in the basement; the cleaning woman had a similar sheet of general orders mounted inside the door of the broom closet. In principle it was to be admired, he knew, but he wondered whether system had to come at the high price of anxious strain it seemed to cost Ruby. Or to go one step further, what relation was there between these fixed procedures and Ruby's disproportionate concern over one spilled spoonful of oatmeal, between those typed rules and the list of reserved grievances against her son which Ruby had uttered that morning so fluently and with such ready wrath? Not that he could mention anything so purely theoretical to Ruby; she avoided talk about abstractions. Perhaps she never even admitted into her consciousness any general reflections about her own motives and conduct; she looked to him like an Eliza on the ice, leaping from one floating detail to another, sighting each foothold just ahead and avoiding with instinctive fear any glance at the deep moving current that bore them all up, and her with them. When Ruby was troubled at heart it seemed she never examined her total situation; she was much more likely to houseclean a closet or declare particularly what some one else at fault had done or left undone. Grampa Bancroft had finished the silver and still Ruby hadn't spoken. He started on the cups and saucers, according to decree.

"Was there anything in the paper about that murder trial?"

Ruby inquired suddenly. "You know, that woman who held her hand over the baby's mouth to keep it from crying?"

"Yes," he told her, "she's been acquitted, declared innocent. Jury brought in the verdict at seven o'clock last night. They were instructed to return one of three findings—guilty, innocent by reason of insanity, or innocent."

"Which was it," Ruby asked intently, "innocent because of insanity or just innocent?"

"Just innocent," said Grampa Bancroft.

"I should think it would have been because of insanity," Ruby murmured.

"No," he told her, "a jury has to keep the evidence in mind, and the experts had testified she was sane."

"Maybe she was sane when they examined her," said Ruby, "but she must have been insane when she did it. A thing like that, to hold your hand over a little baby's mouth. . . ."

She left off and turned to the cupboard with a stack of dried dishes. Grampa Bancroft was remembering how much more complicated it was than that—more complicated than he could say, or than Ruby would recognize, perhaps—no clear-cut case of temporary insanity, not even involuntary manslaughter, or babe-slaughter. "I felt as if I wanted to hurt him, but I didn't," the woman had said, according to the newspaper. And a jury had been asked to distinguish between feeling as if one wanted to yet not wanting to; a jury had been required to give one of three explicit names to that complexity. So it had pronounced her innocent. But the jury had not said what innocence is. Are we all innocent then, thought Grampa Bancroft, or are we all guilty, and most guilty in our grand connivances to declare each other innocent?

The way this murder case had stirred the whole town pointed, he felt, to a common confusion. Had it set up perturbing echoes, untranslatable, from unacknowledged depths in many minds? The woman, it had seemed to Grampa Bancroft, was parenthood

on trial. She had testified that her nerves had been riled something terrible by the baby's crying, and she had held her hand over the baby's mouth only to sort of keep him quiet. Her husband had said it seemed as though the baby was too much for her to handle; she hadn't known just how to go at it, that had been the big trouble; but after he would get home from work she would feel better. They had wanted a baby for a long time; she was happy it was a boy and healthy. "I tried to take care of it as well as I could," she had said in court. "My mother told me that; she used to say how well I took care of it. The baby was fussy at times and then again he was pretty nice." She had admitted too the persistence of deeper anxieties—"I dreamed the night before that I didn't know how to take care of the baby and nobody—it seemed as though I asked for help and nobody would help me." Then there had been that one terribly incisive question, as if out of a great book in a most searching judgment—"Did the child antagonize you?"—and she had confessed that it did. So, feeling that she wanted to hurt him and yet not wanting to, she had put her hand over his mouth to sort of keep him quiet. And a jury had found her innocent. A jury of her peers, presumably. As Grampa Bancroft saw it, no one had been ready to cast the first stone.

He and Ruby had just about finished the dishes. During their silence she had been thinking too, it seemed.

"I'm going to make a banana cream pie for lunch," she announced briskly. "That's Paul's favorite."

"It's certainly a very good pie, the way you make it," he told her. "And Paul always licks it up."

"He loves it," she said. "And I'm going to make him a nice one. It's good for him, too. Thanks for helping me, Grampa."

He told her she was welcome and started back to his room. As he plodded up the stairs, he thought of offerings, burnt offerings and the bleeding of lambs on remote stone altars, the pouring out of wine upon insatiable ground, the proffer of a

pipe in a circle of the reconciled, the ceremonious exchange of precious gifts among men everywhere. And now a propitiatory banana cream pie? Could it be that easy for Ruby, or was she moving with continued unrest into another repetitious unavailing phase of her fated circle? Grampa Bancroft sat down to read a new magazine, but he couldn't keep his mind on it. He couldn't dismiss the thought of children, innocent ardent children, at the mercy of their elders' partial and tired wisdom, or victims of their elders' obscure despair. As in that other awful newspaper story, just a few days ago, of the man who had made his two-year-old son stand holding to a table edge and had repeatedly beaten him with a leather belt until he had fallen to the floor, to cure him of wetting his clothes and "to make a man of him." It had so sickened and enraged Grampa Bancroft that he had wondered why there was no apparent fire left over from Sodom and Gomorrah for such a case and had muttered to himself of tar and feathers. Then he was forced to ask what the supposedly righteous would be tarring and feathering, an utterly abnormal brutality or merely an extravagant instance of a widespread human weakness, which only the burning up of whole cities could eradicate. Grampa Bancroft had never struck his own son, neither to sort of keep him quiet nor to make a man of him—never. In dealing with the boy John he had held that the larger and stronger should not treat the defenseless smaller one with violence, and that never is politeness more requisite than from an adult to a child, to acknowledge the grace of the child's status as a desired guest in the human family, and to secure to the child his rightful personal dignity all the more scrupulously while he was still a dependent. Grampa Bancroft as a father had honestly tried not to be overbearing, and believed he could claim never to have indulged the mean vice of taking satisfaction in authority. But while he had never raised his hand against his son, he had given the boy a tongue-lashing more than once, and sometimes out of sheer impatience

and exasperation—sometimes, like the woman with the crying baby, because momentarily it had been too much for him. He had sometimes spoken angrily, in a tone in which he would not permit his child to reply, in which the child would not have dared to answer; and he thought now how a parent can use a manner quite as well as a hand over the mouth to sort of keep a child quiet. His wife too, gentle and good-natured as she was, sometimes had scolded the boy not simply as discipline but in uncontrolled irritation. They hadn't descended to it often, but often enough so that afterwards they had first ruefully confessed a lapse but then had dismissed it fatalistically, even with a wry smile, acknowledging that all parents yell at their children now and then.

But now that he was old and exempt from the struggles of distractingly busy middle life, he no longer needed to brace himself with the mention of other men's like passions. Indeed, he admitted, he no longer could lay any such unction to his conscience. In his present detachment he perceived as mankind's chief solidarity a coincidence of blind misdemeanor, cloaked under similar self-deceptions. The more extreme certain men's folly and guile might be, the more clearly it seemed to illustrate a common shame. As for instance too that fanatic of the benighted religious cult, who had kept his grown daughter chained to her bed, to save her soul. In the newspaper photographs that father had stared as if out of incalculable dark ages—his face heavily bearded under the broad-brimmed hat of obsolete style that sect had prescribed, his long nose giving him a horse-like look of confirmed obstinacy, his large, deep-set but stupid eyes, resentful and lugubrious, seeming on the verge of self-righteous tears under troublings by the alleged ungodly. He had come into court in the sanctified plain black clothing of his religion, carrying his Bible ostentatiously against his breast, perhaps feeling himself another Abraham as he declared his unshakable conviction that to save his daugh-

ter from the snares of the devil who walked abroad it had been needful and in accordance with God's will that he keep her at home, in her bedroom. The woman, according to the newspapers, was emaciated and acutely depressed, and her manacles had worn the flesh raw. Wondering what analyst could strip off the disguises from that father's perverted mind, Grampa Bancroft thought too of other chains, scarcely less galling although invisible, with which many an unaccused parent held a growing or a grown child to a supposed salvation that nicely linked a sacred command and the parent's convenience.

All falling short, then, we escaped our consciences by fixing hatred upon the misdoings of others, Grampa Bancroft concluded, or we dispossessed conscience by declaring everyone guiltless. Which meant that we forgot what innocence was, had been. Innocence is not perfection, he reflected; children are not perfect, no, but they are innocent, as long as they remain simple, natural, not having learned self-questioning and frantic self-justification. So innocence becomes more haunting than perfection, for a perfection aspired to can still be approached, but innocence can only be lost, irretrievably, and by the time we learn its name, it has already been left behind. Then we counterfeit its echo through pronouncements in court or temple, and by insisting that we had meant well, and had done the best we could, and were no worse than anyone else. So when we cannot confront some others' worst behavior, that is so strangely awful and yet so terrifyingly like our own, we sometimes condemn and punish harshly, even with tar and feathers, but more often we say we pity, and with that alone for testimony we fabricate a verdict of innocence, not so much to spare another as to shield ourselves. Not that he now could declare Ruby innocent, nor ever love so cramped and obscurely deceptive a spirit. But he did pity her, with recollection of his own sorrow over lost innocence and his former connivances at self-exoneration. He could pity Ruby now as he need not yet pity Paul, he told him-

self. He filled and lit a pipe and began to read his magazine.

A little later Ruby came upstairs to tell him that the banana cream pie had turned out well. To him she seemed more than ever lost to herself and those around her, buried in isolated good works, coveting and scheming after a formal justification. So he even tried to cheer her, telling her that if she said a pie was good, it must be perfect.

"It's all right," she admitted, and paused, and then added, "I hope Paul will like it."

"Of course he will," said Grampa Bancroft. "Why shouldn't he?"

Ruby went back downstairs without answering, without thereby coming closer to admitting that this was not the real question. So here they were, thought Grampa Bancroft, both awaiting a twelve-year-old's return with concealed anxiety, depending on a child, by virtue of his innocence, to set things straight again. They waited with different expectations, though. She wanted a verdict of innocence, but still she did not want it pronounced, for that would imply she had been indicted, so she said she hoped he'd like the pie. All that Grampa Bancroft wanted, he thought, was that Paul, with a child's divine unconcern and invincibly recurrent good-spirits, should have come out from whatever shadow might have touched him that morning. If Ruby could be relieved, that was an added but only a minor benefit. Children first, while they were innocent.

Grampa Bancroft read again in his magazine and then looked at his watch. It was now nearly time for lunch, and Ruby liked to serve right on the dot, as she liked to say. He washed his hands and went downstairs. The table was neatly set; a casserole stood covered, hot and ready, and beside it the bowl of crisp salad. The fresh-baked pie had forwarded into the dining room a heavily sweet, a tropical odor. Ruby came and looked out the window, parting the curtains with her finger, bending slightly in an intent posture. Paul was late. Her morning's work and

her mood that had grown with it hung upon his entrance, and now he was going to be tardy. Grampa Bancroft stood waiting to see which way the weather would shift. It seemed Ruby was going to try hard to be patient. Something must have kept him, she said evenly, he was usually home by this time. She returned to the kitchen. Grampa Bancroft sat down on a chair in the corner of the dining room. He felt ashamed to be spying upon Ruby's contortions. Yet he could not look away, as with the physical eye. While he was here he must be aware, and the weight and weariness of age would be always upon everything that entered his mind.

Soon he heard Paul come in the back door. Seven minutes behind schedule, by Grampa Bancroft's watch. He heard the still childish treble voice say "Hi, Mom" cheerfully. It sounded free and easy, with the undemonstrative intimacy of boyhood that takes long-term alignments for granted and does not brood over interruptions after they are past. Apparently Paul would no more hold a grudge against his mother than against his pal Peter. Paul was innocent still, no one had made a man of him yet, or saved his soul, much less set him to saving others by a reserved wrath, nor had he yet learned to excuse himself by pitying others. And Ruby was calling him dear and telling him brightly to wash his hands in a hurry, she had a good lunch for him and he was a little late. With his attention called to the matter of food, he cried out "Oh boy, what is it? Banana cream pie, isn't it. Oh boy, Mom!" Grampa Bancroft heard Ruby's laughter, gratified, and it seemed as of one reprieved. Mother and son came smiling into the room.

"Hi, Grampa," said the boy, as they took their places. "I stopped at the store on the way home, and then I had to wait a minute to see the manager, and he had a whole stack of crates in the back room he said we could have after school. Boy, we'll have a bigger shack than any of the other kids."

His mother was looking at him intently, waiting pointedly.

Paul folded his hands, lowered his head, and voiced rapidly the set prayer that his food should be blessed to their use and they made ever mindful of the needs of others. Ruby lifted the casserole cover and began to spoon out the steaming food.

"That's good you got the crates," Grampa Bancroft told Paul as they spread their napkins. "But you shouldn't forget to be on time for lunch; your mother needs to have you here promptly."

"Uh huh," Paul replied, so agreeably as to carry no conviction except that he might already be forming the human habit of vast absolute commitments which must inevitably damn him to failure.

Lunch went off well. Between mouthfuls Paul gave a concrete but unintelligible description of their plans for the shack. He asked his mother whether he might have that old rag rug in the basement to put on the ground, the floor of the shack, and Ruby said she would see, and he should eat his salad too. The pie was a great success, in itself and in the sense of friendly feasting it created. Ruby promised to give Paul and Peter the rest of it after school, if Paul would drink a glass of milk with it then. Paul was so content that he began to dally over his pie, cutting it into little squares and triangles and then shoving the pieces back together, like bits in a picture puzzle.

"Paul," said Ruby warningly, "you'll be late if you dawdle. Just eat the pie, don't play with it."

"Yes'm," said Paul, and went steadily to work.

So they got through lunch, and this time Ruby didn't find it necessary to tell Paul that he spoiled everything, nor to enumerate all his other recent malefactions which made playing with his pie the last straw. They rose from the table in peace and all carried their dishes out to the kitchen. There Ruby gave Paul a brief hug, to which he submitted placidly.

As before in such moments of truce and kindness, when the boy seemed to breathe as freely as a young tree on a still

A VERDICT OF INNOGENCE

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morning with his provident mother beaming upon him like a mild spring sun, the old man felt that he had been too demanding of life, felt that Ruby and Paul did fairly well together, understood each other to a practicable degree, and knocked along through changing weather wholesomely enough, even almost happily. And I, thought Grampa Bancroft, am just an old man adrift, with that disenchantment which, if not the greatest sin of all, is the worldliest stain upon manhood, the mark of a fatal decline. And my only means to a merely negative virtue is to stay out of others' way, others still moving in the strenuous world where verdicts of innocence are to be had not only from courts but in the devious minds of moralizers, who can stomach the cloying honey of self-justification out of the carcass of their unacknowledged guilt. As he heard Ruby and Paul saying good-bye at the back door with more than ordinary liveliness and affection, Grampa Bancroft started up the stairs toward his room with a slower step than ever.

POET SIGNATURE



Lawrence Olson

THE POET is all ages and all places he can recall. He summons them up to be as valid as daylight, now. Lawrence Olson's South, his birthplace, has become a condition of his language: a certain rich tang of diction in the bare coil of his sentences. China, where he has never been, is another condition like his South. It is overrun with birth-and-death struggles which he feels belong to him now: a heritage and a question at which our time gazes and sees something maggotty, bloody, vegetable, a monstrosly threatening keepsake. The dragon, the road machine, the gardens and the horses are irrepressible. They arrive, they are gone, and they are still here. Why do they move us? (They may be eternal.) Why do they grate on our memory? (They are the last parts of us which will surface, our skeletons.)

After writing for fifteen or twenty years, a poet may be known, if his work is good and he is lucky, by the few uninfluential editors who have published his work in the magazines. A small volume of fifty poems appears and a few dozen readers loosen their collars to breathe again, a few reviewers coin adjectives to show that they hear the ponderous echoes of a famous poet's work in the unknown poet's tinkle. Even the best poets go unread. Then somebody discovers that the solidest work of the time is being written by a fifty- or sixty-year-old salesman, dentist, or doctor with five children. We are very serious, very cautious, afraid of

being caught offguard. We read all the labels on canned goods and hope not to be poisoned. Somebody is always being killed holding a lighted match to the wrong vent. The poet reminds us that such things were happening "last night while China blew apart."

In 1947 Lawrence Olson's book of poems, *The Cranes on Dying River*, was published by Decker. You don't have to know that work to sense his accomplishment in these pages, but you could understand his world (and your own) better if you read the book.

—E. H.

THE SOUTHERNERS

The past fell on our childhood like the rain,
 Reiterative emblem of idiot sadness,
 Wet-rot of the will; what spring achieved,
 Explosive flowers in the yard, a song
 Proposing love, we did not understand;
 We grew up quickly in the sunlight, all
 Notoriously passionate and tall.

And listless in the brutal sun we felt
 But did not understand the sun, never knew
 The law of tides, the principle in flight,
 Reasons for speech; although the voices rolled
 Over us, and the tides disturbed us, and
 We wished continually for release of words
 To celebrate the small, essential birds.

Sometimes in the mornings when we awoke
 We planned escape, we were violent, we swore;
 And sometimes merely went to sleep again,
 And so put off the need to know how far
 The tides may reach, and understand the birds,
 And turn the landscape inside out to find
 A new elucidation in the mind.

**WHEN FATHER RODE
A HORSE NAMED GRACE**

When Father rode a horse named Grace
I lived in a tall, tumbling house;
Sister struck the piano hard,
And brother blew on a bought bird.

In school I learned that trees were trite,
Landscapes but the gauds of thought;
A hill of gold, a hill of blood,
Could be the same hill in time's wood.

Grandmothers cousins uncles aunts
Bewared me of a world of wants;
The whole town cried, and called me man,
When I put my ambition on.

The river rode its banks away,
And a whirlwind bailed the sky.

T'ANG

Why did you give us this T'ang horse
Whose eyes are chutes through which we fall
More than a thousand years? The field,
Held for a time in place, had grown
In partial order, and the hospital tower
Gray stone puncturing gray sky.
All summer, visiting the greenhouse,
We had turned ourselves into plants, and grown
Symbols of growth, but symbol-less,
Dumb as blooms, waiting for plunderers.

POET SIGNATURE

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A snake slept in the mailbox,
 Undisturbed by the trucks on the road;
 And we, for once, out of progress,
 Holding our shapes, unextended.

Had there to be this explosion
 Crouched on the mantel, charging
 Down every nerve?
 O had the field to grow insubordinate,
 And the gray tower with meaning weaken,
 The garden go drunk with design?

I can only say what I feel has happened:
 We are forced back, and are falling
 Through the stone wells of his eyes.

I HEARD THE VINE
 GROW UP THE WALL

I heard the vine grow up the wall
 Last night while China blew apart,
 And flies with their Egyptian wings
 Flocked over Asia's murmurings.

Through dollars deep as green bouquets
 The bleeding mob ran down the hill,
 While we were loving by the tall
 Hemorrhage of the waterfall.

And when the last plane out had gone,
 The temples cold, the fields afire,
 We locked the windows on ourselves,
 And hurt each other, wild as wolves.

EMBASSY CARP

The carp at the Embassy garden
Are planing in their pool;
The nursemaid squeals on the terrace,
The prince puts his spurs in the roan,
And the navy is planning manoeuvres
Somewhere, in a secret room.

The clerks hurl down their confetti
Like fire from the fingers of gods;
The boys are imploring their tutor
To interpret the mind of Cézanne,
While the carp dive, septic as Asia,
Through their intricate grottoes, alone.

The admirals curse their approval,
The charts fall down on their folds,
The prince is immobile with roses,
The boys with their tutor have gone,
The prince he is marbled with roses,
The boys with their tutor have gone.

THE ROAD MACHINE

Ridiculous that its yellow parasol,
All split and faded, sheltering such a wreck
Of graceless rust abandoned in a field,
Should make me think of Neuilly, the café,
And the man waiting, waiting behind his beard,
Without a sign, not even lifting his glass,
While from the avenue the girl arrived,
In taffeta sheathed, articulate as a leaf,
And simpering by in front of him, collapsed
Her yellow parasol.

TO MY PUPILS AT VASSAR
COLLEGE

The heroes in the stories that we read
Were broken from the start; against the cliff
Of circumstance they shouldered deeds like stones.

In Africa, at the perverted riverheads,
Or on the gangrenous plateaux they were found
By characters of slight significance,
Horatios of low intensity,
The carriers of bodies from the stage.

The chalkdust rose around us like a drug,
And they went under in the brass cafés,
For reasons that our reason could not speak
Though schools were courts; before we had set out
Their limbs were reassembled under trains.

The fuse burned toward the roar and silence of
death
In ships and cities where their fall resounds
To rock our monuments. O let the dark
Induce us to our own calamity,
If we shall sit with those torn magistrates,
Compact of vision that appals us all!

THE CATERPILLAR AND
THE FAERIE QUEENE

Like the dragon in a Chinatown parade
Careening up the avenues of grass,
Or like a liquid ship, a miracle
Coherent to the wave it rides upon,
He came, tracking silence through the garden.

LAWRENCE OLSON

Stabbing at monsters on a steaming plain
To please some girl, I was six centuries
Away when you called; towers, castles fell,
Moats licked at heroes; but we cornered him
Together, O with valor and with pride.

While dwarfs infected virgins in a wood,
He lay before the book, inert and dumb,
His rear outflanked by knights in chromium,
His only exit death, escape through Time;
But as I poised above to smother him,
He lifted up his horrible round eye,
And stared at us with all his stupid soul.

Then I fell back before his withering breath,
And saw my faultless armor fall away
Like wax, while in my naked flesh his eye
Shot hissing spears; the garden turned to sand,
The trees stood up like javelins of stone,
Through which I fled pursued by fire and claws,
Whole families of lions, eagles, wolves,
A sorcerer, myself, a sorceress, you.



Adja Yunkers

By John Palmer Leeper

THE MOST impressive single quality of Adja Yunkers is his absolute maturity as an artist. Each print is a complete, fecund statement. The impact of his woodcuts, which I first saw unpacked and spread about the Print Room of the Fogg Museum, was deep and satisfying—a recognition of the poised and powerful statement which places him in the tradition of modern expressionism: Gauguin, Nolde, Heckel.

Knowing Yunkers himself, following the constantly extending horizons of his art have in no way lessened appreciation of his fullness and potency. In part these qualities may have grown from the assimilation with thought and high wit of rich, heterogeneous experience. He was born in Riga, trained in Leningrad, Berlin, Paris and London, and later travelled through Central and South

America, reaching the West Indies as a stowaway, then stoker, on a Danish freighter. Yunkers eventually returned to Scandinavia to choose a workshop in Stockholm, focus of intellectual life in northern Europe, and his role there became an important one. He founded and published the Ars-Art portfolios, constantly calling attention to new, and to established Scandinavian creative artists. In addition to the fruitful work of editing and writing, these years were filled with steady production and new exploitation of the woodcut medium. Increasingly his prints were seen in European exhibitions, and one-man shows were held in Berlin, Hamburg, Copenhagen and Oslo. A few American collectors learned of his work, but no comprehensive collection of Yunkers' prints reached this side of the Atlantic.

The sudden, Minervan appearance of a strong, mature artist in our midst dates from the arrival of his wife, Kerstin, in New York in 1946, bearing a portfolio of the large woodcuts that now are in the most distinguished print collections in this country.

In 1947 a fire destroyed his European studio, tools, and the blocks and prints produced during the preceding ten years. Nothing was salvaged beyond the handful of prints fortunately on a continental tour at the moment. Immediately thereafter Adja and Kerstin Yunkers moved to the United States, bringing with them only that nucleus of prints. America is thus generally unacquainted with Yunkers' formative work, and his extraordinary reputation rests entirely on the work of the last three years. Perhaps knowing only a segment of his work is partly responsible for the impression of astonishing unity and finality, but only in part can it be so explained.

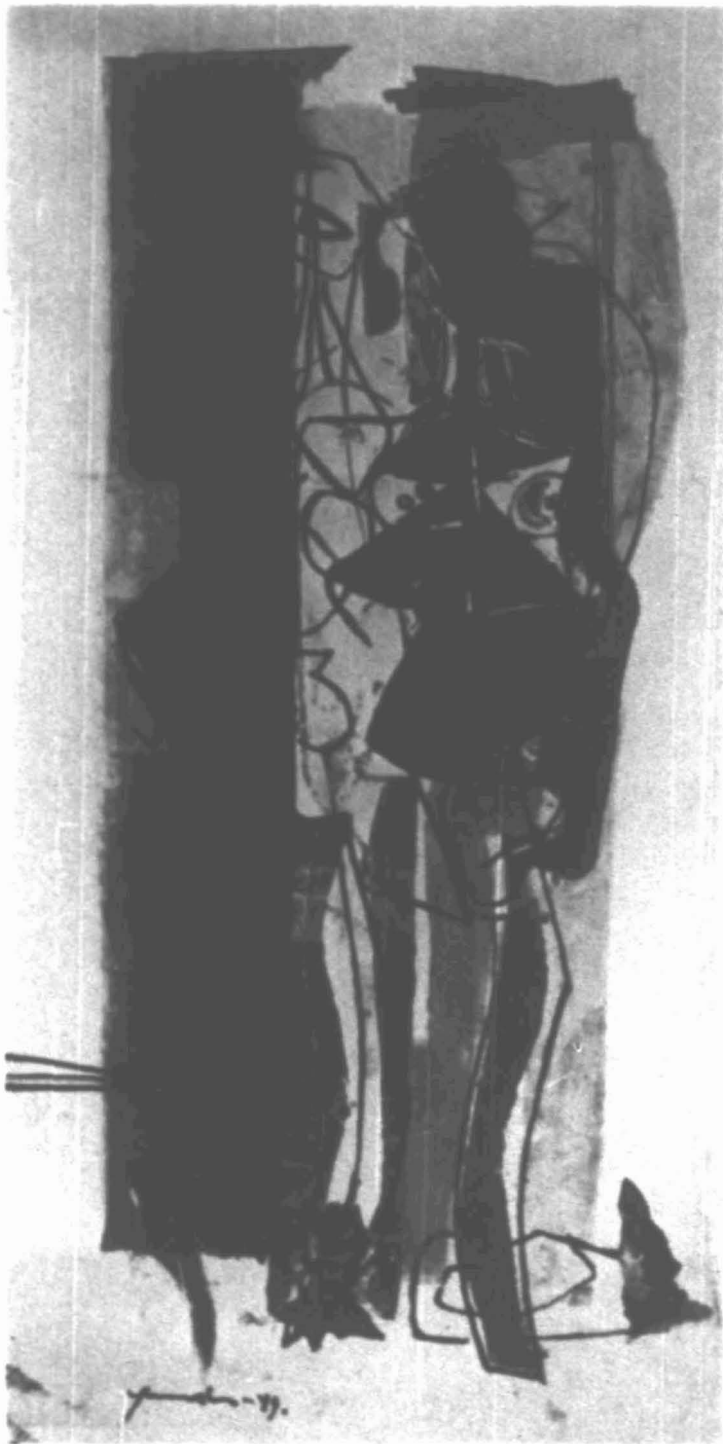
Yunkers' American career began with a teaching position at the New School for Social Research in New York, while summers were spent teaching at the University of New Mexico. He formed a passion for New York as for the incandescent New Mexican countryside. Even the endless trips by bus between New York and New Mexico became enormous adventures, and he lived for



DEAD BIRD. Colored woodblock print 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". 1947.
Courtesy Museum of Modern Art.



SUBURB. Colored woodblock print 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". 1950.
Photograph Naomi Siegler.



THE INTRUDER. Colored monotype 8½" x 23¼".
1949. Collection Miss Hortense Powdermaker, New York. Photo-
graph Naomi Siegler.



CRYING WOMAN. Colored woodblock print 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 25 $\frac{3}{8}$ ". 1944. *Courtesy Boston Museum of Fine Arts.*

days on "Kleenex bread" sandwiches, met everyone, and found everyone rewarding.

At the end of two years Yunkers' woodcuts were to be found in the Print Rooms of the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the Chicago Art Institute, the Metropolitan Museum of Art—in a word, in every key collection. Such eminent private purchasers as Lessing J. Rosenwald, Frank Crownshield, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and innumerable others added his work to their cabinets. He was named a Guggenheim fellow for 1949-50.

AS GRAPHIC artists the expressionists, particularly the German expressionists, were marked by their penchant for woodcut, which they freed from its role of reproductive agent and used as a direct medium. The cut became free and powerful as it had not been since the fifteenth century. In addition they were constant experimenters, utilizing the graphic media vigorously and imaginatively.

Yunkers may be studied as a continuation of both these impulses. Like his predecessors he customarily works on the plank, using its surface grain to supply basic textures, and on this he builds, having developed a procedure of printing akin to that of the Ukiyo-e artists who employed blocks by the score, even printing certain of them blind for particular effects.

Over the texture and tone so established, Yunkers prints his key block, a powerful carving giving the basic elements of the design. One at a time the various blocks are printed, their number depending on the complexity of the print and the effects intended. This procedure has nothing of the mechanical in it, no confining limitation of accurate register, and is in itself a creative action, the print literally growing under his hand. The key block is the final as well as the first used, re-establishing and strengthening the design.

The paper employed naturally varies, depending upon the nature of the print, but there is a recurring use of dark papers of tissue weight, a fragility making large editions impossible. His inks bear resemblance to enamel, for their surfaces are glossy and opaque, as rich in texture as brush-worked areas.

The double factor of complexity in procedure, and of the creative act in the printing process, accounts for the singularly small editions of each print, and for the individuality of each.

Yunkers' recent experimentation in monotypes is of particular interest, and it is his firm hope to continue this exploration in New Mexico where a group of young print-makers may gather about him at Corrales to form a workshop for the graphic arts in the Southwest. To explain lucidly these discoveries is a difficult task, for the business of printing here becomes identical with the process of creation. Each print is a unique solution: the block is prepared for it in endless ways. The inking is a delicate process, made intricate by the use of stencils at various stages, by the superposition of materials, by direct carving, and by the magical application of touches of color.

Merely to state the fact that experimentation exists, and to allow the prints themselves to stand as convincing evidence of it, is sufficient. More important, one must understand what the role of this constant searching for new effects, and of the delight in elaborate textures plays with Adja Yunkers—how well it is assimilated into the totality of his art.

The spectacle of the artist infatuated with his virtuosity is not an unusual one, but Yunkers cannot interpret the question of how something is achieved as a serious compliment. Despite his impressive accomplishments as an innovator, and the remarkable technical achievement each of his prints evidences, such a question has little relevance. The mechanics of the sentence are so fused with the statement that the consciousness of an original and meticulous style is an afterpleasure. Here, I think, we have the most telling evidence for the maturity of Yunkers: that without

jeopardizing the clarity and emotional power of his prints, he is able to handle a method that might easily amount to performance alone.

FEW THINGS are more difficult for the responsible critic or connoisseur than to form, through analysis and understanding of his own emotional and aesthetic reaction to a work of art, a lucid and tangible estimate of the artist and his attitude. In talking with Mr. Yunkers I have been struck frequently with his belief that the full maturity of intelligence and experience is a state of neutrality. In other words, the fully developed man of breadth views with wit, interest, sympathy and intelligence whatever experience comes before him, but does not participate in anything outside his immediate destiny.

Adja Yunkers' prints seem to reflect this attitude in being perfectly balanced, disciplined, clear statements. But they lack the discordant note. Each print is finished, and so captures his goal of equilibrium, that to my mind, just as there is a flaw in the philosophy, there is an omission in the print. This is an elusive and controversial point, and one poses it with humility.

A more specific note, though a related one, is Adja Yunkers' keen pleasure in the joys of this world, and his wise acceptance of the bitterness that accompanies them. Unless one employs Hedonism in its purest sense, the word is perhaps too strong, but essentially that is the word. And it is an unfamiliar note in contemporary thought, this fecund wealth, for our passion is for the dead land. The relish of the physical and the natural is indicated in Yunkers' sumptuous textures, rich and sombre colors, his virile designs, and the delicate nuance of his finest prints.

It is a proud quality, and a hopeful one.



Gilean Douglas

SUMMER SOLITUDE

JULY IS A close and sultry month in the Cascades. My valley has lost the vitality of spring and early summer. The songs of thrush, wren, sparrow warbler, grosbeak and phoebe have a dreamy quality, and the river, shrinking between its banks day by day, is only a sleepy murmuring. The moss is brown on the great boulders beside the Teal, but still green in the recesses of the wood where the sun strikes only in narrow shafts between the trunks of the tall evergreens. Bushes meet across the trail with thimbleberries, black currants, red and blue huckleberries ripening on them, while along the ground the Oregon grapes are beginning to show their first blue tinge. The signs of bear, deer and sly coyote are on every path, and the great horned owl hoots through silver nights which are clear from slim crescent to last quarter. But best of all to me is the prodigality of sun in open places. I can never have enough of it. I stay outside almost every moment of every day, soaking the delicious warmth and light into my body and mind against those months of darkness when the sun is only brightness remembered.

All the trees in this district are good Mohammedans: fanatical-

ly so, for they make not only the customary obeisance but remain bowing to the east day and night. One of the first things one notices when walking along the river is how the treetops bend away from the prevailing west wind. When the clouds come riding low and dark along the crest of Fireweed Mountain there is no doubt that a spell of bad weather is on the way. Just at the cabin, however, there is a frequent little breeze from the south: warm in winter, but cool now from passing over mountain fields of snow.

Bathing in these mountain streams must be restricted to summer, but walking is good at any season. In spring there are trips for exploration of nests and buds, in summer for flowers and berries, in winter for cones and paw prints—and all for beauty. It is difficult to have small thoughts when walking along a trail which was a river bed thousands of years ago, with the stumps of big trees on either side and the other young conifers almost as large standing upright and vital. Cougar Mountain rises three thousand feet above me. Once it was four thousand feet higher and coated with ice. Perhaps there is still hope for our sharp corners and glacial intolerance.

I am sure, however, that I would not have cared as much for that universal morning as I do for the July dawns which tap at my window now. There would have been no thrush in it, no pale pink twinflower, no tall evergreens for shade and delight; but only hot winds and titanic downpours of rain with lava underfoot and a great sun and moon moving across a storm-wracked sky with earthquakes below them. The most severe climate of this present world would be mild and beneficent in comparison—but now there are the earthquakes of war, the storms of pestilence, the killing winds of famine which go on not only undiminished but increased by civilization. We save with one hand and destroy with the other. We seem able to change everything but ourselves. But that we *can* change, I know. When I consider the person I was when I first came to these mountains I know that something

like a miracle has taken place. Now I am, though far from what I hope to be, capable of living with nature unashamed. I can go with a clear heart along any trail, feeling kinship with everything that surrounds me. How one feels this kinship does not matter, but it is of the utmost importance that one *does* feel it.



I remember when I first came here. The mountains made me feel so small and when night fell the forests seemed to threaten me with their greater darkness. Here was I, one little human in all this immensity of hilled and timbered space; no neighbor for over three miles, no village for thirty, no town for more than a hundred. Mountains, rivers and forests were not strangers to me for I had seen them in almost every state and province of North America and in Hawaii, Europe and way places, but always surrounded by people and with cities everywhere. So now all this, to live in for my lifetime if all went well, seemed more than I could bear. I did not realize that I was like a starving man who had suddenly been given more than his stomach could tolerate; like someone whose body had become so inured to poison that purity revolted it. I thought: first I must cleanse myself, then I must renew. Then and not until then could I look my mountains calmly in the face and know that the kingdom of heaven was indeed within me—if I would only let it be.

How could it be otherwise when there is so much beauty everywhere on these July days? In the small blue flowers of pea vine and the green-white blossoms of the round-leaved orchis; in the

SUMMER SOLITUDE

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lilting cadences of the hidden warbling vireo and the olive-white flash of a Thrall's flycatcher. As I sit writing in the lessening warmth of the early evening sun, the seldom-heard lovely song of the varied thrush comes drifting on the air and, a little later, the characteristic melody of Townsend's solitaire. This elusive singer of the mountains usually frequents higher places and for a long time I was not even aware that he was an inhabitant of these particular hills. I have never met him, but I would like to. He and I have much in common for we both prefer the solitary life and find great happiness in it.

The languidness of full summer is on my valley and on me. I sit back in my chopping-block chair and let my gaze go slowly from mountain to forest and back to mountain again. The perfume of stock and carnation drifts across my garden where the drone of bees has lessened. The river murmurs drowsily to itself and a cooler wind drifts down from the uplands. Rose and saffron begin to tint the clouds above Fireweed, and the blue of the sky changes again and yet again. Then the first star is hung in a fir tree near the Teal and the night-scent of earth is sharp in my nostrils. When I get up to go into the house I do not even ripple this great pool of solitude and peace which is my world.



DAVEY

John Gerstine

WHEN SAM DILLON came home from work, he wasn't too tired and dirty to kiss his wife. It was only a peck on the cheek.

"Where's David?" he asked, dropping heavily into an easy chair.

Nina ignored the question. "You're home early," she said.

"Yeah, business is dropping off. But the boss says it'll pick up soon." He opened a newspaper and spread it like a curtain in front of him.

"You didn't come straight home," Nina said.

The paper dropped quickly to Sam's lap. "How did you know?"

"I smelled it on your breath."

"Oh." The curtain went up again and Sam turned to the sports page.

"Been worrying about something?" Nina asked.

"Now what would I be worrying about," Sam parried.

"About David, maybe."

"The child oughtn't be out so late all alone," Sam said.

"What could I do? There's cooking, cleaning, washing to do. You can't keep a growing boy cooped up in a two-room apartment all day."

"Sure, you can't," Sam said. He was sorry he'd scolded. Nina was standing at the sink rinsing and wringing the dish cloth. His thoughts arched over ten years in their flight backward. He got up and kissed her on the back of the neck. "Some day we'll have our own home," he said. "It'll have a lawn and a basement and an attic, and a back yard for David to play in. And we'll have a car for a drive on Sundays, and maybe a maid to make things easy for you."

For a moment Nina's face lit up. Then just as suddenly it darkened, as if an awning had been released over it. "I don't mean to nag, Sam. Lord knows you're doing your best. But how're we going to get all that with you driving a truck?"

"We got some money saved, ain't we? It's only a little now. But some day I'll have my own business and I'll be able to buy and sell McGrath."

"No, Sam. I'm afraid it'll never be."

"What do you mean?" Sam asked, resentfully.

"It's David," she said. "We've been kidding ourselves into believing he's like — well, like other children. But he's not. I spoke to his teacher today. They've tried special classes for him, but it's no use. We'll have to send him away — to a school where he'll be with kids of his own kind. And it'll take lots of money, Sam. More than every cent we have."

"That's not so!" Sam protested, clinging to his last brittle illusion. "Give the kid a chance. He's only eight, slow-getting started. He'll get there, all right."

"He's almost nine, Sam. Can't read a word, and can hardly speak so's a stranger would understand. Do you know what the other children call him —?"

"Stop it!" Sam cried. He sank into his chair and covered his

face with his hands. Sure, he knew what they called him. Crazy Davey. He'd heard them many times when they didn't know he was near. He'd seen them make the poor little fellow the butt of their jokes. He'd seen the child bewildered and unhappy, his numb brain unable to cope with the bright, agile minds of the other boys. He'd seen them hoot and laugh and tease until tears flushed the dirt from his son's cheeks. And he'd had all he could do to keep from crying himself as he took the boy home, all the time comforting him and telling him he was as good as the others.

Nina went over and ran her fingers through Sam's hair. "Don't take it so hard, Sam. It's not as though something just happened. It's been with us for years. Only —." Here Nina's voice broke. And Sam sensed he was wrong carrying on like this. But all he could get himself to say was, "Only what, Nina?"

She took comfort in the free flow of tears as she spoke. "—Only why did it have to happen to us?"

"It's not us I'm thinking about," Sam said in a tired, hopeless voice. "It's David. What'd he do to deserve being — the way he is? It makes you lose your faith in religion."

"Please, Sam, don't!" Nina begged. "Faith is almost all we got left. We need it now more than ever."

"Sure," Sam said, and there was a bitterness in his tone, the mingled bitterness of protest and of despair. "It'll do us good. But it won't help the kid any."

There was a familiar sound out in the hall. It was David coming up the stairs and then shuffling in his slow, plodding way toward the door. And he was crying. It was not unusual for him to be crying. For the other boys often teased and made sport of him in a manner which he understood. But this time his crying was of a different timbre. And Nina hurried to open the door for him.

David was big for his age and it looked odd for a boy of his size to be sobbing that way. His face was masked in dirt, except

the areas under his eyes where hot tears streamed in clean pink stripes until they dropped from the crests of his cheeks. His clothes were torn. And Sam didn't see how bare his back was until he got down on one knee and put his arm around the child and his shoulders became warm and soggy from the tears and his calloused hands felt the soft, naked flesh of the boy's back. And when he touched the tender spots, David screamed with pain.



He swung the boy around and stared. The welts were almost like furrows and some of them were already turning blue. It could have been done by a rope, or by a leather belt, or by anything, but not by hand. Sam was sure of that. "Who did it?" he said.

He didn't raise his voice when he spoke, but it was shaking. "Who did it?" he said again. And when his only answer was a vague look and some more crying, he gripped David's arms. He gripped them with steeled, powerful hands that had twisted ten-ton trailer loads around sharp, mountainous curves.

Nina was applying cold, damp cloths to David's back. But when she saw Sam, she cried, "Stop it, Sam! You're hurting him!"

Sam let go. And white marks on David's arms slowly filled up with pink again. "Tell me who did it," Sam shouted.

"Leave him alone," Nina cried. "Can't you see you're making him hysterical?"

Sam got up, put on his leather jacket, and zipped it up half-way.

"What're you going to do?" Nina asked. But Sam's only answer was to slam the door behind him.

Outside, he stood on the doorstep and looked up and down the street. It was getting dark. And the long row of apartment houses was taking on a oneness as though it was all the same, huge, four-story building. The street was deserted, save for a boy playing marbles by himself on the unpaved square under the only tree on the block.

Sam knew this boy and hated him. He hated him because he was a year younger than David, and had all the brightness of mind and the agility and co-ordination of body which his David had not.

"Peter, who beat up David?" Sam asked. His voice startled the youngster, who hadn't seen him coming.

Peter began picking up his marbles. "I don't know," he said. But Sam could see by the look on his face he was lying.

"You do know," Sam said. "It only happened a few minutes ago. And you were here. Who was it?"

"Look, I — I gotta go home," Peter faltered. "It's getting late for my supper."

But Sam grabbed his slender wrist and held it in a vise of muscle. "You won't go home until you tell me."

"It — it was a man," Peter said, fearfully, bravely trying to keep from crying.

Sam wasn't surprised. He'd figured it was. "Who? Which man? Where does he live?"

Peter hesitated. "Around the corner," he finally admitted.

"Show me," Sam said. He half dragged and half was led to the corner indicated. There he stopped to stare.

He'd stared many times at the neat row of houses on this block — the houses all different and individual, with spaces between them, and lawns and attics and two-car garages. To

turn that corner for Sam was to enter into another world, a world too beautiful to ever achieve, but a picture to be fondled and treasured and preserved. He lost himself for a few moments as he gazed with envy at the man, the only sign of life on the block, trimming his hedges with a huge pair of shears.

And then he remembered why he had come. The short contact with beauty only served to emphasize the pain and ugliness which had filtered into his life. And he thought of David — his little Davey — whose poor, helpless body had been whipped and torn, whose numb, foggy brain was even now sensing the pain, and wondering why. What beastly creature could have been cruel enough to —?

Could it have been this man in his shirt sleeves, smugly trimming the life and growth of his plants to suit his own precise, orderly existence?

Sam's grip on Peter's wrist had relaxed. But the boy was still there. "Is that the man?" Sam asked, half hoping in his pyramiding anger that it was so.

Peter looked from Sam to the man with the shears, back to Sam again. There was the tight mask of fear glued to the boy's face. He put the back of his hand to his wide-open mouth and bit his knuckles. And then he turned and fled.

Sam didn't run after him. He had read the expression on Peter's face. That was the man, all right. But he wasn't sure. If he could only be sure!

He went home, his mind in a whirl of increasing fury. David's anguished weeping had subsided into a quiet sniffing. And Nina was trying to soothe him, gently rubbing his temple as she held his head to her breast, and whispering words of comfort to make him forget.

"Come with me, Davey," Sam said. "I want you to show me."

"Don't!" Nina cried. But it was too late. Sam already had the boy's hand and was leading him down the stairs.

They headed straight for the corner, Sam with strong, pur-

poseful strides, and David in his clumsy, plodding way dragging along behind him. The man was still at work on the hedge.

"Is that the man?" Sam asked. David looked up adoringly at his father, who had always been kind and protected him, and he kissed his hand. Sam wiped the wetness on the leather of his jacket and repeated: "Is that the man who beat you?"

David looked to where Sam was pointing. A look of terror crept over his features but was soon replaced by the confident knowledge of Sam's strong presence. He spoke in his laborious, barely intelligible manner that only his parents could comprehend. "He — he the man!"

The man looked up as he saw Sam heading his way, the boy close behind. There was a patronizing smile on his face as he saw David, which infuriated Sam even further. But the smile vanished when he saw Sam's expression, and he even backed up a step.

"What did you do to this boy?" Sam demanded.

"Now, take it easy, old man. He was spreading filth on my walk, and I merely —."

Sam waited no longer. The shears went up in a feeble defense. But Sam smashed his powerful fist past them into the fellow's mouth. The man staggered backward, trying to keep from falling. But Sam's fist shot out again with even greater force, and down he went. Sam grabbed his shirt and tie in one fierce grip and raised him up. The shirt gave way, but the tie held. And Sam pounded again and again at the defenseless face, all the time muttering, "And that's for Davey . . . and that . . . and that." He lost himself in the fierce joy of revenge, until fatigue rather than remorse caused him to let go. And the man's body dropped limply to the ground.

Sam gazed, fascinated, at the flow of crimson from the man's mouth, along the side of his chin, and onto the ground where it was sucked in by the soft, brown earth. He stared at the still,

prostrate form at his feet. There was no sign of life. And fear crept in where triumph had been but a moment before.

"Come on, Davey," he whispered. "Let's get out of here."

He hurried to the corner, all the time looking behind to make sure he hadn't been seen. There was only a scrap of grey daylight holding out against the comfortable darkness of evening. And he felt safe enough to slow down to a walk as he turned into his home street.

He could see young Peter, further up the street, standing on his tenement stoop. He was playing with a small rope, his hand going up and down, trying to effect a circular motion with both ends at the same time.

David saw him, too, and stopped. He refused to go on. Sam had never seen such fright on his son's face. "What's the matter, Davey Boy?"

"I — I afraid," David stammered.

"Afraid of what?" Sam said. "Your daddy's with you. He'll take care of you."

David pointed to Peter. "He — he the one who hit me."

Peter beheld them now for the first time. And when he saw who they were, he dropped the rope, ran through the doorway, up the inner steps, and disappeared into the throat of the house.

NMQ Poetry Selections

SPELLCRAFT

What old residual power
dwells in a sound
that when I turn away, speaking at last your name,
it is as if I summoned monarchies
or wrote a gnostic dream upon my mind?
A name is pliant, formal,
heady as perfume from an ancient flask,
uniquely used, fading away with use,
potent the first time, flexible to please,
a singular presence in a darkened shell.
Softly I cry you to myself when you are gone,
invoke your name as if it were a djinn
who tricks the asking air and then flies on.

HOWARD GRIFFIN

TWO POEMS

I

I left my baby in forest A
quivering toward light:
Keep warm, dear thing, drink from the cow—
her stillness is alive.

You in the leaves sweetly growing,
survive these plants upheaved
with noise and flame by learning change
in strategy.

I think of Joe who never knew
where his baby went,
and Mary, heavy, peace or war,
no child, no enlightenment.

II

Swept snow, Li Po,
by dawn's 40-watt moon
to the road that hies to office
away from home.

Tended my brown little oil-burning stove
as one would a cow—she gives heat.
Spring—marsh frog clatter
peace breaks out

No fact is isolate

Grasses, heron, China,
light:
Saturday, Sunday.

LORINE NIEDECKER

XENOPHANES

Water, cold, and sweet, and pure,
And yellow loaves are near at hand,
Wine that makes a rosy hand
Fire in winter, the little pulse.

Eating a little pulse, who are you?
How old? The hands of all are clean.
Why first pour wine into the cup?
Water first and the wine above.

Better than the strength of horses,
I come back to my other words:
The hound, "Stop beating him, I said,
I knew him when I heard his voice."

NMQ POETRY SELECTIONS

For now the floor and cups are clean,
The aired earth at the feet is seen,
The rainbow, violet, red, pale green,
Men making merry should first hymn—

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

AUTUMN LOW

Full river has fallen
And, rounding a hill,
Blue-scaled as a dragon,
Turns slowly the mill
While it will.

Waters relinquish
Quicksand to high shore
Where who will distinguish
Fool's gold from true ore
Washing pure?

One roving raccoon?
Small fingers imprinting
Half-gilt by half moon,
With consummate hunting
(Fins glinting).

Wide river is waning;
Mud drying on stone,
A chore of the morning
At night still undone
By a drone.

ANNIS COX



Robert Bunker

OLIVER LA FARGE: THE SEARCH FOR SELF

THIS WILL BE in considerable praise of Oliver La Farge. As novelist and as man of affairs he has done much to illuminate the adventure of human being. He has chosen to write in the Southwest, a region where man's differences are often made out to be intolerable. He has chosen to admit his own eccentricities and his own difficulties in establishing human contact. Yet he has made of that contact, if something tentative and partial and often agonized, still the ultimate joy, the ultimate self-realization.

To repeat: This will be written in praise. But I must first tell how gravely La Farge has left himself open to misinterpretation. Teacher of understanding, he is himself liable to complete misunderstanding. For the self-realization his characters achieve is something considerably more difficult than any parroting "To thine own self be true." They have had to search in infinite pain for any "self" to be true to. What La Farge tries to persuade us

of is the wonder of a self which can be built up by exhausting exposures to truths and errors. He sets out—and, finally, with extraordinary success—to convince us that there are miracles in human contact.

But there are grave dangers inherent in La Farge's undertaking. While he is telling us that self can be found even by way of the damndest set of personal defeats, we may all too easily fall to thinking of the defeats as mere plot-line. And La Farge has commonly damned himself and has seemed to set out the creatures of his fiction to be damned. His and their weaknesses are made obvious, almost trite: After all, it will be their learning to live with their own weaknesses and their own comic sides, with which La Farge will be primarily concerned. Their strength and their growth, we must study with him at length. For excellent critics have misread them.

Raw Material is La Farge's own story, in part autobiography and in part a re-creation, after the novels, of what might have been his novelist's notebook. Here he specifies his failures and his limitations.

He tells us that he completely flubbed his first job as an anthropologist. He tells us that, as young novelist, he chose a way of life built on his own entire misunderstanding of what he wanted. He tells us, most significant, that at Groton he was so shamed by his own deviations from the Groton norm and by his nicknames, first Bumwad, then Bop, that these were his regular nightmares for twenty years. Yet, he can in the telling of his shame make himself out as far weaker and far more foolish than deviation or nicknames alone could show him. Once able to mock himself at all, he strips naked. But invert my analysis: This, he tells us, is what he has had the strength and the compensating satisfactions to live through.

Now we need not analyze the likely overcompensation in La Farge's self-display. Sometimes his sudden flow embarrasses, as when he writes, "I have fallen in love with a bomber." But for

the most part there is consecutive and valid aesthetic purpose in the telling of his story. This "raw material" for his fiction comes suddenly alive, and La Farge comes alive with perception and with the joy of finding something outside himself. There is sensation of wind and water and vast space, and the feel of a good horse. There is delight in the unexpected meeting of minds and in the careful teamwork of isolated scientists. There is the passion of intercourse. All these take La Farge, as they may take any man, out of himself. And in some extraordinarily vivid writing, La Farge does his successful best to share his sharpened awareness.

Suddenly, there is the further central experience for the reader to share: It has become altogether unimportant to La Farge just who La Farge is. He is still presumably shaped by Groton and Harvard and the shame of a nickname and perhaps even by the Puritan tradition and by the consciousness that in his family men write and paint. He is still different from most of those around him and he knows it, but the difference is neither his vocation nor something he must spend much time compensating for. Rather, he accepts his own qualities as having their own value—and has learned that contact between man and man, the bridging of the differences, is freedom and all delight. It matters little how foolish Oliver La Farge by himself may be or have been, once he can perceive and share recognitions.

It is still difficult, surely, to have been called Bumwad. And it is always difficult to bridge man's differences. One may miscalculate so ludicrously, one may suddenly so lose heart. But ultimately it is understanding which concerns the artist. What matter if, in praise of understanding, he incidentally mocks himself, his heroes, and his and their uncertain steps toward what they have only dimly seen?

Indeed, it may be part of La Farge's thesis that *despite* his unconformity he can achieve perception. It is part of his thesis that despite their exasperating stumbling, his characters will

never be content with any but a life of self-realization. But to help the reader, La Farge might well have set out a few signposts. For there is an extraordinary variety of easy misinterpretations of La Farge, all tempting to the self-indulgent critic. Note well:

In what immediately follows, I shall carefully emphasize what La Farge does not do and thus by-pass any responsibility to analyze what he has set out to do. I shall comment on his heroes' adventures—which La Farge has so meticulously established as basically sham—by screaming that I have discovered they are basically sham. By accusing La Farge of symbolizing his heroes' "right and wrong choices" as choices between women or between places to live, I shall quite unfairly imply that there is in his novels no more deep-lying psychological action.

So: I have given warning just how unfair my accusations will be. For all that, they will sound convincing—until we can take the same effects which have been established as apparent flaws and rework them into an account of La Farge's achievement. I introduce so mechanical a device not, I hope, from any desire to look clever. I do this because, as reader and reviewer, I have had to reckon with and really dispose of my own series of major doubts as to La Farge's successes. Impressed again and again by his effects, I all too often later felt I had been tricked by some slick-fiction legerdemain. It is my earnest purpose here to bring, and largely refute, the obvious charges to be made against La Farge.

THE NOVELIST DAMNED. First one smiles a little about *Laughing Boy*—and regrets that the later novels are less of a piece. Anything La Farge has written about Indians, one puts gently aside as unduly vivid—and anything about non-Indians as lacking comparable color. Choosing a few purple passages, one dismisses the man as a mere technician—then points out how rarely he appeals to the eye, and how unsubtle is his ear for the

rhythm of speech. Throughout, one pretends some nice uncertainty as to whether the man is really amateur writer or amateur anthropologist.

At last in full destructive voice, the critic demonstrates that La Farge has only the one comic plot (to illustrate from *The Copper Pot* and *The Enemy Gods*):

Tom Hartshorn, a painter from Chog's Cove, Rhode Island,
(or Myron Begay, a Navajo enrolled in Indian Boarding Schools)
approaching Truth and Beauty for a time through going to New Orleans

(or Back to the Reservation),
nevertheless seems about to accept the False Values of the Eastern Girl with Money

(or of the Indian Missionaries).
We have some hope that Hartshorn may be saved by the understanding Western Heroine

(and Begay by the understanding Navajo Girl),
but The Girls, though recognizing our heroes' potentialities, are about to give them up in despair, and indeed we can see little reason why they have hung around this long, or we readers for that matter, when suddenly Our Boys are wrenched from their aimless courses by committing unpremeditated fornication

(or murder)
which after all sets them to thinking. So they soul-search while painting

(or hoeing a garden),
and while they are again thinking about The Heroine, it comes to them that they want to participate in the Bigger Life of The West
(or of The Tribe).

Now Myron Begay's history is recent Navajo history, and his dilemma is the dilemma of the Navajo and of those who would help the Navajo. He is young; of course he has trouble finding his own answer where men champion so many conflicting answers. But we must look further into Tom Hartshorn's antecedents: Hartshorns keep appearing in La Farge. Their growth and the growth of what they mean to La Farge is a moving story.

Jonathan Hartshorn, La Farge tells us in *Raw Material*, was a Massachusetts seventeen-year-old killed in the Civil War, far South, fighting for the Union. La Farge found his name in a cemetery near New Orleans.

What did this kid have that the officers and men built him a monument? . . .

The earth of two thousand or more Union men had gone into the dyke to guard the alien sugar and rice and cotton. . . .

Only it is not alien. Even this strange, wet, stoneless land is theirs. It is part of their country. . . . (*Raw Material*, pp. 144, 146.)

George Hartshorn, in *Laughing Boy*, is another New Englander but not, I think, specified as from any particular state. He takes the Navajo heroine, Slim Girl, as his mistress, Though cruelly mocked by La Farge, he clearly has sensitivity, clearly knows he is being used, clearly knows the situation is hopeless—and cannot give it up. George Hartshorn is not himself totally destroyed by his love for a Navajo, but he sets in motion the catastrophe that strikes her.

Finally, we have Tom Hartshorn, of Chog's Cove. Tom's story is *The Copper Pot*, already maligned in tabular form above. Tom is a painter, and in the course of *The Copper Pot* he learns he will be a good painter. Tom makes some admirable friends; with these friends and with others he meets he has moments of extraordinary perception. His human contacts are sensitive, sometimes almost unbearably so. Communication is raw and shaking. But between times Tom Hartshorn, like his namesake George, is made out as a fool. He knows neither what he wants most nor what personal weaknesses are likely to stand in his way. His career seems composed of accidents and minor temptations to which he invariably, monotonously, succumbs. Only when all seems lost can he make the right decisions. He sets out in search of his heroine: If he can find her, "then I'll have heaven and I'll paint, dear God how happily"; if he cannot, then "the long emptiness and thank God for painting." Or

so Tom Hartshorn assures himself, as an ending for his book.

But have we any real indication that Tom Hartshorn will know how to be happy? Or that he will know how even to remain so dramatically unhappy? After the detailed account of his troubles and self-doubts, we should find particular difficulty in caring what happens to him. Yet, in this most exasperating story and despite himself, Tom Hartshorn has shown strength, if only the strength to live through his muddles. He has so nearly made the easy choice and married the Girl with Money. He has so nearly not sweated out the search for what he, Tom Hartshorn, can say on canvas. Now he must reject, with extreme embarrassment and discomfort, that to which he so nearly committed himself. Now he will start painfully again.

And for us the critical question remains: Is not this sheer romanticism, for La Farge (or Hartshorn) to believe that Hartshorn suddenly knows himself?

In La Farge's earlier novels, after all, the "right" choice has been dramatized for each hero. In *Sparks Fly Upward*, De Cerromayor, an army officer but an Indian himself, is asked to join the Indian rebel cause only when that cause can clearly be won. The heroes of *Long Pennant* and *Laughing Boy* have less soul-wrestling to do, and their choices are even easier. Roger Hall leaves Chog's Cove to participate in the full flush of American sea power and, later, the excitement of the frontier. *Laughing Boy* goes back to the reservation because he has shot a man.

I do not intend by dismissing these earlier novels so briefly to deny their merits. *Laughing Boy* is nearly perfect, whatever one may think of its thesis equating white contact with automatic Navajo disaster—a thesis notably different from the practical approach to Indian problems La Farge has since evolved. There is a very special compassion in *Sparks Fly Upward*. All these novels have an urgency of motivation beyond what one anticipates in the novel of adventure. But in each instance the hero's "right" road is well marked for him ahead of time. Each

early hero knows generally what will happen to him ever after. Whereas Myron Begay and Tom Hartshorn are setting off, at their novels' end, on unmarked roads. One wonders, have they been shown as possessing or developing the ability and the courage they will need?

In the long short story "No More Bohemia" (a rather unsatisfactory job, later incorporated with some changes in *The Copper Pot*) La Farge's painter-hero went through almost the same set of adventures as, later, did Tom Hartshorn. But that earlier hero, at the end of his story, was shown as without courage. We naturally question that courage in Hartshorn as well.

THE NOVELIST SEEKING SALVATION. I have said the worst now about Tom Hartshorn and his fellow heroes. Naturally Tom's choice between New England and New Orleans is ridiculous, and so is Tom ridiculous *until* the choice and the man alike have been battered and mocked and stripped of all meaningless implications we (and Tom) so easily read into them. When Tom is finally down to bare essentials and knows what he has to do without any more palaver, I for one am moved to sudden conviction, and La Farge has pulled off the astonishing. I suddenly see Tom's misadventures in proportion—not as the one, accidental, set of experiences that could have given him understanding, but as the natural circumstances which give him the chance to make every big mistake he had to learn about—and at the same time the chance to realize the capacity for sensation that was always in him. The capacity for sensation or satisfaction we shall return to. First we must inquire briefly whether we could really expect that a Tom Hartshorn would learn by his mistakes.

Tom has not been unduly quick to see himself or to laugh at himself. Indeed, the last thing La Farge heroes do is motivate quickly or romantically. Notions and half-thought-through ideals do not occur to them except in spasms of self-condemnation.

Long before they learn what decisions will feel right to them, we readers have more than enough documentation. We see, not that one choice is right and another wrong for all men, but that only one choice is complete for these particular heroes. Slowly, by infinite trial and error, they pick out what in their lives has meant self-realization and cast off what has meant numbness. Slowly, patiently, they fit the pieces together. They never see the whole until all the pieces fit. They imagine themselves possessed, not by the ordinary human being's ironic and contradictory weaknesses but by a general pervasive utter inability.

Indeed, it is hard to believe how little these La Farge heroes know their strength—which La Farge has, perhaps too subtly, helped them build. Granted that they have known temptation and confusion, still they have proved their endurance and have succeeded in most of what they really set out to do. Hartshorn has proved he can paint, proved he can live on a small income, proved he can earn that small income, when necessary, by the occasional potboiler. Best of all, he has proved he can draw strength from others. He has had vivid flashes of understanding and fellow feeling. Deeply confused about himself, he has sensed others in clear perspective. When he—and those Indians who are La Farge's other heroes—meet man or woman, there is a tenseness, a charging of the air, quite out of proportion with the personal pettiness that has gone before.

Each hero with his heroine is given physical awareness and hesitancy and joy built solidly on incident and circumstance. But the contact need not be between man and woman. It can exist as well for Myron Begay with a missionary or with a school-boy friend, for De Cerromayor with two or three old revolutionaries, for Roger Hall unexpectedly with his father, for Tom Hartshorn with a painter he had altogether disliked until their sudden meeting of minds.

The realization and the mutual recognitions are unlike any-

thing else I know in our Southwestern literature (where so often the assumption seems to be that man cannot possibly know man, especially across racial barriers). In bringing his characters into moments of clairvoyance, despite the barriers and despite their own limitations, La Farge has accomplished the extraordinary. For their vision is based, convincingly, on experience which had seemed very ordinary. Tom Hartshorn's history of failure and frustration becomes valid experimentation in his art, once he and a diffident fellow painter see their objectives in common. De Cerromayor has tried out for himself the society he finally knows is empty. Myron Begay's vague longings become urgency when suddenly he sees the gulf he has opened between himself and friends with whom he once thought alike. The stumbling has had direction, then, and the recognition of what one is, what one has become, and how others also strive, comes with overwhelming clarity—and humility. Between man and man, man and woman, or race and race, hesitancy in approach becomes the promise of attempt at understanding.

In La Farge's novels the barriers to be crossed are documented in almost laborious detail, whether race or age or sex or antagonistic purpose. In his best short stories the leap is commonly across both race and sex, and Indian man and white woman or white man and Indian woman are seen first in the shock and fascination of mutual recognition. La Farge has stated that the writing of short stories is not his vocation. In his few best, however, perhaps because he is dealing in human differences so familiar, he has been able to present contacts barely, briefly, but altogether stunningly. I would recommend these especially, of his stories in *All the Young Men*: "North Is Black" and "Women At Yellow Wells"; then perhaps "Hard Winter" and "Dangerous Man."

All La Farge's heroes, ultimately, have had extraordinary perception. I would wish only that they worried less about themselves between their moments of perception. Their even partial

understanding of their own erratic courses would surely have helped us see that La Farge's plotting is neither aimless nor contrived. If a few of them were able to laugh, even a little, at their own immoderate gloom—if a few of them could make mock bargains with the bogies of their weaker selves—we might see more easily the constancy of La Farge's aim. They seem so often to require of themselves and of fate some guarantee that they won't be tempted again. Yet in fact La Farge has been busy building them, slowly and plausibly, into men who can hold to their own difficult courses.

THE NOVELIST AS MAN OF AFFAIRS. The broad range of La Farge's interests and efforts is reflected in the variety of his production. He is anthropologist, he is air historian, he is executive of the Association on American Indian Affairs. Yet in each role his primary interest remains the relationship between man and man.

I have little to say of his published non-fiction about the Indians of this country. The magazine articles are good straight reporting, with appropriate indignation. *As Long As the Grass Shall Grow* is an admirable introduction to the fact that Indians are human beings who want to be themselves but are not necessarily afraid of outer change; it is more poem than program, and that is appropriate too. It seems to me, on the other hand, that *The Changing Indian*, a 1941 symposium of which La Farge was editor, deals mostly in generalities without inspiration; here surely rock-bottom program or criticism of program would have been to the point.

Of the non-fiction about Indians, there remains "Notes for Hopi Administrators," an unpublished manuscript demonstrably practical and profoundly suggestive. It is for the most part a description of how La Farge presented a proposed Hopi constitution to the various villages, and of how his presentation had to differ according to the varied histories and understandings

within those villages. Modestly enough told, it is still a tale of La Farge's own knowledge and sensitivity and, more, his creativity. The constitution was accepted; La Farge is telling the story in hope of aiding other Indian administrators charged with other programs. Perhaps he underestimates his own creativity or overestimates the potential creativity in Indian administrators; I personally hope there is a road to Indian self-determination demanding less inspiration of the average civil servant.

This same creativity, expressed in La Farge's relationships with Guatemalan Indians, gives unusual interest to his *Year Bearer's People* and *Santa Eulalia*. There is sound value in his details, in his description of a cult of crosses or his calendars of village rites. But it is when, for example, he can compare the Indians' sense of God as many-in-one with our non-Indian religious perceptions, that La Farge shows his own special interest. His choice of the right action when personally suspect in an Indian village is a text not only for the anthropologist but for any man to whom racial relationships are important. For we need not always, in racial relationships, find the one perfect solution. What is important is that those of us who meet with other races express somehow, whether by our action or our hesitancy, our determination to consider other sensitivities as well as our own. In such expression La Farge is a master, subtle and unforced.

We have, finally, La Farge writing on war in the air. *The Eagle in the Egg*, his latest book, conveys well the sense of miraculous growth which characterized much of our war effort—and of workaday improvisation as needed to pull off the miraculous. I cannot review the book as air strategist. But by his sketches of leaders and of followers, La Farge interested me where I would ordinarily have had no real interest. In this history of the Air Transport Command, he has described especially the men who were willing to exhaust themselves, physically and mentally, day after day.

Yet, oddly, I came away from *The Eagle in the Egg* with the impression that La Farge had included too much of the human where his primary subject is not men. There are brave and unselfish men in his pages, giving themselves entirely. But so vivid is La Farge's writing that one feels, desperately, long before their roll is called, that these men's real drama came and was ended the day they decided to give themselves. Dedicated already, they appear here as essentially without human relationships other than irritation, a little casual cynicism, and almost no laughter. The contrast of their barrenness with that continued vivid writing (which of course produced our sense of barrenness) was a little uneasy, too long maintained. The result is a book which starts brilliantly but tells itself away to mere pretense; man's imagination is eternally indicated, in a situation where it has no longer any bearing at all.

One last word. Within the Association on American Indian Affairs, La Farge has developed his own subtle and effective relationship—with the Indian Service. He speaks vigorously when he considers that Indian Service is right; he is slow and quiet in his criticism. He does not enter into personal battle. He is interested in any contribution to Indian administration, from whatever unexpected source. He acts as moderator, as one intent especially on clarifying the issues within the best comprehended frames of reference. He is listened to with respect, which is fairly extraordinary among men of Indian affairs.

I hope La Farge will find himself some comparably accepted frame of reference for his novels. I hope devoutly that he will find subject matter less open to misinterpretation—that he himself, the celebrant of hard-won communication, may not fail to communicate his thought. For in an age and in a region where the meeting of minds is so often given up as hopeless, La Farge's heroes illuminate great possibilities. Their recognitions and realizations are difficult, elusive, unexpected—but attainable.

Uncertainty they know, but urgency too, and in the end convincing fulfillment.

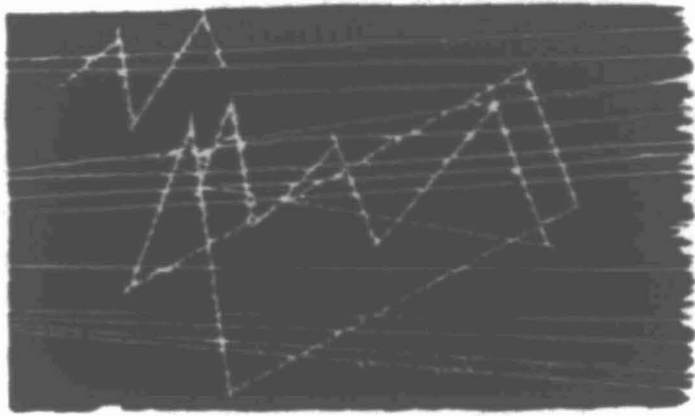
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Carl H. Grabo

RHETORIC FOR RHETORICIANS

WITH THE fluidity characteristic of American life it is not uncommon that a boy will pursue his education in a number of states and a variety of schools. Returning in after years to some town in which, perhaps, for but a single term he was a member of the fifth grade, his emotion is scarcely nostalgic, for the ties formed in his brief residence were flimsy. Yet he is mildly curious of changes which have occurred and of scenes unaltered by time. Walking the streets he may encounter old classmates who have forgotten him but whom he recognizes and whose success or failure in life he will guess by their appearance. It will occasionally happen that some boy who, in recollection, seemed most unpromising, proves to be the town banker. Such a discovery is always gratifying.

These unexciting reflections are prompted by my perusal of the *English Institute Essays of 1948*.^{*} My own connection with the world of English scholarship which these reflect is remote in time and was tenuous at best. But I have occasionally wondered what was going on in, let us say, the field of Shakespearian research. Rumors have reached me, too, of a revived interest in

* Edited by D. A. Robertson, Jr. Columbia University Press, 1949.

Aristotle and his philosophy. And gossip has whispered of something known as the "new criticism." Of these things I have been mildly curious and I am pleased to find that the *Institute Essays* have partly satisfied my curiosity. Albeit perplexing and saddening me with the realization that I am antiquated and no longer capable of grasping the English language as I once thought I could.

How long, I once speculated, can this Shakespearian research keep up its pace? It has been going on for two hundred and fifty years. Has not everything possible been said and should not a moratorium be called? I should have remembered what the rhetoricians had done for Aristotle and Virgil. Scholarship will never lack a theme. It is the most orchidaceous of arts. Like the chameleon it feeds on air, and nourishes its pelican daughters from its own breast. By the simple expedient of inventing a new term the whole world of Shakespearian interpretation has been revitalized and given a new lease on life; the young instructors in a thousand institutions of learning have been furnished fresh subjects for scholarly papers sufficient to occupy them for a decade or two. The term which provides this shot in the arm I find is "myth."

Who first tossed this bone into the arena, or, if you prefer, started this hare for the hounds of criticism I could not ascertain from the *Institute Essays*. Professor Heilman goes most fully into its varied and bewildering meanings and confesses that he had completed a Shakespeare study without once using the word myth and "underwent the momentary discomfiture of one who finds himself caught in the unfashionable—or worse, simply unaware of fashion. It amounted to being outside the community which holds to the myth of myth." Professor Heilman then cites various new definitions of myth all irreconcilable one with another and mostly unintelligible. I suspect Professor Heilman of frivolity, which he would be wise to suppress. Scholarship should never be taken lightly. Nor will his very good comment on "The Lear World," adopting the "myth" terminology after rebelling against it, whol-

ly save him. He will be remembered as a sceptic in his youth however abject his later conversion. Professor Hubler, too, is somewhat troubled by "myth" and confesses that he is "not at all certain" that his "own notion of myth has any considerable correspondence with the ideas of it now in fashion. Quite frankly, I often do not know what the writers of myth are talking about." These, I imagine, are brave words to utter before the audience to whom they were addressed. But do they presage the death of the term so much as further disputation and interchange of scholarly papers? Let us hope the latter for the sake of "research."

The "myths" which Professor Hubler examines are those of "Mutability," "Plenitude," and "Reputation" and those in relation to the sonnets. What in this discussion most interested me as a belated survivor of an older school of Shakespearian speculation was the evident sincerity which he ascribed to Shakspeare's exhortations to W. H. that he leave a likeness of himself. I once had the comfortable persuasion that Shakespeare in the sonnets was merely playing variations on familiar themes much as a musician might do. The ideas were common ones. The plea of the Elizabethan song writer that his mistress produce a copy of herself, the *carpe diem* motif that runs through all Elizabethan lyrics, the lament for mutability—all these were chestnuts of the trade. So too are other sonnet sequences. Thus the "Astrophel and Stella" sonnets are, I suspect, three parts poetic exercises such as were expected of an enamored gentleman, and "W. H." may be wholly a fictitious character.

Now, in the practice of these poetic conventions there is no real insincerity. The poet is competing with his peers in a kind of game. The themes are, so to speak, assigned, and the prize goes to him who gives the best performance. When Shakespeare speaks of his lines as immortalizing their subject and as outlasting bronze, he is paying a stereotyped compliment. It is certain that in reality he had little or no concern for the diuturnity of his relics. He would have shown more interest in the preservation and publica-

tion of his plays if he had. It is only second rate writers who worry about posterity and what posterity may think of them. Shakespeare must be taken in the context of his time and in the conventions and traditions of his art. The present trend of criticism to examine the poem or play as a thing in itself and judge it accordingly can lead to some surprising misinterpretations.

These reflections, however frivolous, are reinforced by a reading of Professor Fiedler's "The Defense of the Illusion and the Creation of Myth." I quote one passage:

It is probably sufficient to say here that Shakespeare begins in his customary fashion with the aim of defending the illusion of femininity against the inevitable shortcomings of the boy actor, but that, before he is through with those disguised boys, those master-mistresses who win the hearts of men and women alike, often both at once, he has established the myth of an androgynous Beloved, the focus of whose attraction is neither femininity nor masculinity but the delightful ambiguity of youth—the Beardless as Beloved; and that myth enables him, without abandoning the Heroine altogether, to maintain his determining sexual attitude (clear in the sonnets and elsewhere) which regards the blatant, the mature female (especially the mother) as a symbol of evil, blackness, lust and so on.

On to what, for pity's sake? Is this not enough to heap upon the poor woman who has the misfortune to become a mother? I rise in defense of Shakespeare. If he has done all this to Professor Fiedler it is by mere chance and the fault is really Professor Fiedler's. Consider Shakespeare's position as manager of a stock company. At one time he has a good pair of boy actors, one tall and fair, one short and dark. He makes use of them as Hermia and Helena, Rosalind and Celia. He has also certain comedians (Will Kemp, we know, for one) whom he must use even in a tragedy. Therefore the gravedigger in Hamlet, the porter in Macbeth and assorted fools and jesters, including the fool in Lear. Thus through stage necessity and sheer inadvertence Shakespeare creates a mixed style abhorrent to Aristotelians—and does a very good job

of it. But that he was creating some sort of "myth" while doing these things he would have repudiated with justifiable horror.

In this place and by way of transition to comment on the rhetorical papers in the *Institute Essays* a quotation from that tedious but useful work, Saintsbury's *History of Criticism*, is relevant.

Except when in the hands of superior persons like Dionysius and Longinus among the Greeks, like Quintilian among the Latins, it [rhetoric] shook itself free and became the literary criticism that it ought to be, it became a rather parlous thing. It early developed the disease of technical jargon, in that specially dangerous form—recognizable perhaps in times nearer our own than those of Demetrius or even of Hermogenes—the form of giving wantonly new meanings to common words.

Saintsbury elaborates further upon the formalism of rhetoricians and their divorce from literature, but perhaps the point has been made.

The rhetorical papers in the *Institute Essays* are three, all formidable and the one dealing with general theory the most formidable of the three. Why it is that rhetorical theory is so little intelligible, why it displays so little of that stylistic clarity which is one of the ostensible aims of rhetorical study, I do not know. But it is so. With faltering steps I have endeavored to follow Professor LaDrière in what I take to be his demonstration that Aristotle sanctions the study and accepts the province of rhetoric as distinguished from logic. The orator—for all this originally had to do with oratory—endeavors to arrange his ideas logically. This is the appeal to the reason. But he endeavors to present these ideas persuasively also. This is the appeal to the emotions and is the province of rhetoric and, by justifiable extension, the province of poetry. I fear I have simplified this unduly and so missed the point, for it needs no spirit from the lower world to return and tell us this.

Professor LaDrière is not content with citing Aristotle. The

even more formidable mediaeval rhetoricians are quoted. I gather that to them the justification of rhetorical study was its utility to preachers whereas Aristotle had been concerned with orators. The difference is, of course, nominal only, persuasiveness being the end of both. This, too, may be conceded. To my humble way of thought it would never be disputed. Rhetoric, or, in the large sense, literary criticism, is the study of the verbal forms into which thought is cast, words being a necessary dress unless we resort to symbols as in mathematics. And in this study the rhythm and music of speech and the connotations as well as the denotations of words have their legitimate place. But here again I must be missing something. These formidable arguments, this difficult technical vocabulary, must conceal something more recondite than ideas so simple.

I must throw up the rhetorical sponge so to speak. Either the thought of rhetoricians is too subtle for me or their language too formidable and obscure. I grieve for Aristotle, too, for I think he has been abused. It is notorious that the simple truths expounded by the great religious leaders have been confused, complicated, and distorted by their disciples. Aristotle has been in the past, and probably still is, the victim of the same bad luck. Why should we not put him aside, therefore, and forget him? What is useful in his philosophy must long have been diffused in the stream of literary criticism. Modern criticism, beginning in the later part of the eighteenth century, can have missed nothing important in it.

But here I note a remarkable thing, the complete absence in these essays of allusion to any criticism between the time of the schoolmen and those contemporary critics who speak the same rhetorical language. There is no mention of the "romantic" critics in these essays. In the initial paper "Imagination as Value," Mr. Wallace Stevens remarks at the outset that "we must somehow cleanse the imagination of the romantic." He continues, "The imagination is one of the great human powers. The romantic belittles it. The romantic is a failure to make use of that liberty. It

is to the imagination what sentimentality is to feeling." Clearly Mr. Stevens has some private definition of "romantic" which he does not share with the reader and without which his thesis is unintelligible. Could it be he confuses "romantic" with the "Romantic Period" and thus will have no truck with Coleridge, Keats, and Leigh Hunt, who said what has been most informative about the imagination? There is no evidence that he has ever read them. It is as though having a dislike for Republicans he refuses to live in a republic.

I found Mr. Stevens' essay difficult to grasp and therefore read it twice. The source of my confusion was twofold. I could not at first believe that Mr. Stevens had only just discovered the imagination and, I am glad to say, approved of it. But what it was, so happily retrieved, still remained a mystery. "The world," says Mr. Stevens, "may, certainly, be lost to the poet, but it is not lost to the imagination." The imagination "on its most momentous scale" is not today on the scale of poetry. "It is the scale of international politics and in particular of communism. . . . I limit myself to an allusion to it as a phenomenon of the imagination."

This is not clear to me nor am I enlightened when he contends, "The difference between an imagination that is engaged by the materialism of communism and one that is engaged by projects of idealism is a difference in nature. It is not that the imagination is versatile, but that there are different imaginations." Is this not to say that the following lines though dealing with the same subject are the product of two wholly different mental processes? Compare "Now like a lobster boiled, the morn / From black to red began to turn" and "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day / Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Further use of the term leaves me more confused. He says, "Normal people do not accept something abnormal because it has its origin in an abnormal force like the imagination nor at all until they have somehow normalized it as by familiarity." He speaks again of the "prevalence of the imagination in life"—about

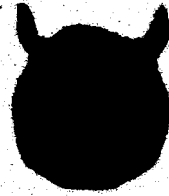
as prevalent, one would suppose, as life itself. Surely Mr. Stevens is using the term in ways not only unfamiliar to me but to the common understanding of men.

When [he asks] does a building stop being a product of the reason and become a product of the imagination? If we raise a building to an imaginative height, then the building becomes an imaginative building since height in itself is imaginative. . . . When one's aunt in California writes that the geraniums are up to her second story window, we soon have them running over the roof. All this diversity, which I have intentionally piled up in confusion in this paragraph, is typical of the imagination.

Confusing to one reader they have proved to be. Mr. Stevens might as lucidly have defined "mental activity" instead of "imagination." A term all inclusive fails to define. In "romantic" criticism some nice distinctions have been drawn between "imagination" and "fancy," but Mr. Stevens shows no knowledge of them.

This brief excursion into the field of current scholarly criticism has left me puzzled. Evidently there has been invented a new set of values since my day. Has "rhetoric," too, wholly ceased to be what it once was? Is it no longer fashionable to be lucid? Obscurity, it was once said, cannot stand up against the practice of definition. But in these essays three key terms at least remain undefined: "myth," "imagination," "romantic." The neo-Aristotelians, moreover, revise the language of the schoolmen and resort to Greek in a style which I should characterize as intellectually snobbish. The bright young men of the coming generation will, I predict, weary of all this pedantry and go in for science. Who shall blame them?

BOOKS and COMMENT



Deane Mowrer

THE CRACKED MIRROR AND THE BRAZEN BULL

THE DIFFICULTIES inherent in the omnibus review are so obvious that it may seem a waste of good typography to mention them. Nevertheless, since I surmise more than ordinary significance carelessly suspended between the date of this review and the task assigned, I should like to preface my precarious judgments with a more careful probing of problems and aims.

Modern poetry, like modern man, has come midway in this century. Banal as this statement may sound and bored as the reader may be with half-century annals and appraisals, neither the reviewer nor the reader, I think, can afford to overlook the relevance of certain outstanding poetic events which have decided and guided the course of twentieth century poetry. It can hardly be irrelevant that some who made those events, who set up and defended the first flamboyant barricades of modern poetic revolt, are still writing, are indeed represented in this review. Nor can one disregard the complex, muddle-phalanxed nature of that revolt, which assuredly did not move toward a single, clearly defined goal but sought its meaning ambivalently through those familiar antecedents against whom rebellion was aimed and those more abstruse forbears whose names were again emblazoned on the gaudy pennants of the avant-garde. Even so, the discerning reader will be aware that the critical problem can scarcely be resolved in terms so autochthonous, for obviously the strategy of each poetic rebel has been further qualified by every intellectual, economic, and political current of our time. A brief résumé of a few

of the high points in modern poetry should serve to underscore the complexity of action, reaction, and interaction.

Ezra Pound made his historic exodus to Europe in 1908, scattering seeds of dissension and innovation wherever he went; sometime before 1910 Yeats had surely glimpsed that vision destined to perne so brilliantly in the gyre of his later poetry; *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, an important outlet for the century's new poets, was founded in 1912; imagism and free verse are movements significantly associated with the second decade of our century; the same decade saw the publication of Robert Frost's outstanding early books and the increasing recognition of the austere New England talent of Edwin Arlington Robinson; before this period Rubén Darío had diffused poetic hope and energy through the romantic somnolence of Latin-American poetry; more or less concurrently, in Europe Paul Valéry began to illuminate the technical brilliance of the symbolist tradition with the mind's cold, inexorable flame, and Rainer Maria Rilke celebrated the apex of a career, the nadir of a sorrow, in his *Duino Elegies*; in England even the placid Georgians were somewhat ruffled by war's unruly intrusion and the indecorous reaction of war-shocked poets; early in the 1920's Eliot's *The Waste Land* exploded the most lethargic of occidental literati out of the old miasmal mist; shortly afterward E. E. Cummings, William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, and Hart Crane troubled the cultural waters with their esoteric breathing of the ancient word of poetry; meanwhile in Spain Federico García Lorca transfused his modern measure with the folk-deep wealth of balladry and gypsy song; and D. H. Lawrence, wherever he was domiciled, continued his quest for an apocalyptic vision in immediacy, time's pollen-dappled petals which hold in gold suspension life's first protoplasmic cry; 1930 saw the ascendancy of Auden and his group, poets of social protest, poets as public spokesmen, poets self-conscious of the Freudian unconscious; during these same years the strange liaison between marxism and surrealism attained fruition in numerous, though sometimes oddly assorted, poetic progeny; finally the 1940's have marked an equally aggressive upsurge of new names and manifestoes, manifestoes which, in some instances, would seem to revoke those of the century's turn; yet even a superficial reading of the most blatant neo-romantic will reveal, I think, a definite, though tenuous, continuum of influence—subject to crosscurrents and maelstroms as it is and has been—throughout the turbulent, murky course of modern poetry.

If this oversimplified survey of twentieth century poetry serves no other purpose, it should at least indicate a few critical exigencies. First, no modern poet can fairly be considered apart from the larger context of contemporary poetry. Second, that larger context extends laterally through the peripheral maze of present-day civilization and perpendicularly down through the remotest stratum of man's history. Third, the difficult problems posed by the above impose on every critic, not excluding the humble reviewer, serious limitations. Everyone—critic, reviewer, or reader—ultimately looks through a glass darkly, a glass sometimes no better than a cracked mirror which refracts with somber distortion personal flaws of understanding and taste.

At this point, the intelligent reader may well inquire: What of modern criticism? Are the explorative techniques provided by the critics of an age which has achieved astounding triumphs through exploitation of analytical methods completely inadequate to cope with the poetry of that same age? Few will deny, I think, that modern criticism has provided incomparably clever devices for esthetic measurement and poetic dissection. Most serious readers of modern poetry will surely acknowledge a debt to many critics who have so often brilliantly clarified the meaning, intention, and methods of poetry. T. S. Eliot, I. A. Richards, Kenneth Burke, Yvor Winters, John Crowe Ransom, Edmund Wilson, R. P. Blackmur, F. O. Matthiessen, Allen Tate, Cleanth Brooks (whose important *Modern Poetry and the Tradition* has been reissued in an English edition), William Empson—to name only a few—are critics, some of them also poets of distinction, hardly to be disregarded in contemporary criticism. Those familiar with their work, however, will be aware that their critical positions and conclusions are often startlingly divergent, that the method of one may work with singular efficacy when applied to certain poems or poets but fail dismally when applied to other poems or poets. It is perhaps even more unfortunate that some who clutter the retinue of these and other great critics often succeed only in baffling the reader with demonstrations of personal ingenuity which leave the poem shrouded in pedantic dust. Confusion, moreover, seems to be added to confusion by the nonpoetic, scholastic quibbling implicit in the recent trend toward criticism of criticism. That this overemphasis on critical analysis, even by critics professedly anti-scientific, is directly related to the scientific, urban-industrial, materialistic temper of our time seems clear enough. That the strange position of poetry itself, half outcast from polite society, half changeling child trailing clouds

of somewhat sullied glory from a nobler heritage, is likewise closely related to the same temper and the manifold factors which produced that temper should be equally plain. There is, nevertheless, too marked a dichotomy between poetry and criticism, even when they stem from the same person. It is not improbable, I think, that many readers, as well as poets, are beginning to suspect that criticism has become an end in itself. Indeed the unwieldy body of modern criticism might, in certain aspects, appear a mirage-engendered, foundationless structure of polydizzied architecture, from the pendulous turrets of which lean enigmatic figures whose bulging, stony eyes assert a bleared omniscience and whose gargoyled, schismatic tongues spew Olympian venom on the prostrate form of poetry.

The best statement of this particular dilemma was made, I think, by a nineteenth century philosopher, Soren Kierkegaard, in his *Either/Or*. "What is a poet?" Kierkegaard asks. And answers thus:

A poet is an unhappy being whose heart is torn by secret sufferings, but whose lips are so strangely formed that when the sighs and the cries escape them, they sound like beautiful music. His fate is like that of the unfortunate victims whom the tyrant Phalaris imprisoned in a brazen bull, and slowly tortured over a steady fire; their cries could not reach the tyrant's ears so as to strike terror into his heart; when they reached his ears they sounded like sweet music. And men crowd about the poet and say to him: "Sing for us soon again"; that is as much as to say: "May new sufferings torment your soul, but may your lips be formed as before; for the cries would only frighten us, but the music is delicious." And the critics come, too, and say: "Quite correct, and so it ought to be, according to the rules of aesthetics." Now it is understood that a critic resembles a poet to a hair; he only lacks the suffering in his heart, and the music upon his lips. Lo, therefore, I would rather be a swineherd from Amager, and be understood by the swine, than be a poet and be misunderstood by men.

There you have it. The plight of the poet. The sterile relationship of critic and poet. Of reader and poet. Above all, the tortured isolation which must be the lot of every poet in an age dedicated to Mammon and his sacrificial altar-idol, the brazen bull.

Those who are familiar with Kierkegaard's philosophy will be aware of the importance he attached to suffering and solitude as means both to esthetic and religious development. Looked at from this point of view, the brazen bull might well appear a spiritual crucible, a symbol perhaps of that arduous discipline indispensable to the

creative act. Such an interpretation, valid certainly within its limitations, will hardly abrogate the more extrapoetic application suggested by the above association of Mammon with the Kierkegaardian bull. Aside from my conviction that many readers will—by a process of natural association—connect the brazen bull with the Cretan bull and possibly with the golden calf, Kierkegaard was expressing, perhaps better than he knew, the importunate problem of the modern artist and his relation to society. It would, I think, not be straining the connotations of Kierkegaard's image too much to suggest that in one sense it symbolizes the existentialist concept of those inexorable, limiting circumstances, that claustrophobic, inhibitory web of fate and fact, which every artist must transcend in order to create both his art and himself. If this interpretation be allowed (and I realize that some readers may attribute it solely to imperfections in my own cracked mirror), then surely Kierkegaard has provided us with a most poignant parable of the modern poet and his myriad tribulations in a world depressingly, yea even defiantly, antipoetic.

With this parable in mind one can, I think, understand more fully the seeming strangeness of subject matter, the apparent idiosyncrasy of form in so much twentieth century poetry. Suffering itself is too emphatically recurring a motif in many of our best modern poems for smug dismissal as morbid poetic self-indulgence. Kierkegaard has elucidated for us not only the significance of this motif but has also given us an important clue to those umbilically related characteristics so often querulously remarked by the puzzled observer of that extraordinary, though vigorous, corpus we call modern poetry. The notable absence of happy lyric spontaneity, the painful, ingrown subjectivity, the narcissistic attempts to create autonomous cosmologies from libidinal imagery or self-sufficient private symbols, the anachronistic efforts to find roots in decaying traditions or declining orthodoxies, the frenetic struggles to assimilate and encompass poetically the amorphous, dissonant meaning of a machine society, the furious wrenching of language and syntax to force the expression of the inexpressible, the morganatic alliances so fervidly espoused with ideologic pseudo theologies, even the romanti-tropic nostalgia currently popular with those who would reaffirm in the face of dour disillusionment the sacramental, ritualistic attitudes of simple loving and living—all originate, I think, from the same matrix, that great mother, Suffering, whom most modern poets, sternly fathered by this

world's implacable image, the brazen bull, will hardly dare disown. And those techniques—which some readers would isolate as pernicious viral attributes of contemporary verse, and others contemptuously diagnose as typographical or verbal hysteria intended to obfuscate “meaning”—are they not clearly the intrinsic formal components of that poetic experience tentatively anatomized above, the inevitable ceremonial expression of a poet's turnings and twistings through life's disjunctive labyrinth? Further substantiated as it is by the standard critical position that form and content are one, that the meaning of a poem cannot be abstracted from its form, this view (which reflects also, I hope, a ray or two of Kierkegaardian effulgence) should be adequate to explain the almost unparalleled interest in technical experiment which has so distinguished modern poetry. Such an interest, moreover, should seem only normal in a world fundamentally concerned with techniques in every field, in a world where technology often seems to have usurped the place of morality and God, leaving the poet to grapple toward his art—homeless, rootless, lonely—to parry with reckless or pathetic veronicas the quotidian lust of the brazen bull.

Considering the difficulties of writing poetry in our time (and I do not think I have overstressed them), one might think it remarkable that any poetry could be written. How much more remarkable, then, must it seem that so much poetry, so much good poetry, has been written. For immense as the challenge has been, it has been met, I think, with commensurate talents. No other period, except the matchless Elizabethan age, seems to me so rich in poetic abundance and versatility. Likewise astonishing seems the number of poets who have achieved for us in our time, whatever their status in future centuries, conspicuous stature. That their eminence, in most instances, is the result of technical brilliance rather than prolific production is surely not only a tribute to their virtuosity but also a confirmation of the extreme difficulty of writing poetry at all under present-day conditions. That this technical resourcefulness, however, was able to make so much headway during the early decades of this century further complicates the problem both for the recent poet and his reviewer. For obviously, I think, an overemphasis on poetic experiment may result in an abortive issue similar to that sometimes remarked in critical analysis. Although it is true that form and content are one, it is also true that concentration on formal expressiveness may result in dilution and perversion of potentially fruitful poetic experience. More-

over, in a context as surcharged with novelty as a Woolworth counter is with synthetic gewgaws, it must become increasingly difficult to create anything with the semblance of newness. Good poets are aware of all these difficulties, though awareness is hardly enough. If the poet try to adapt techniques already current, he must run the risk of echoing too flagrantly other poets. If he revert to the conventions of a less-questionable period, he may find himself coquetting with frivolous anachronisms. If he disclaim all authority and assert his superior originality, he may appear to his contemporaries as merely another poetic hod carrier, scuttling coals to Newcastle. Dismaying as they may seem, the above suppositions do not invalidate either the very real accomplishments of many new poets or the possibility of a climactic burgeoning from this century's richly-mutational poetic experiment. Nevertheless, it seems apparent to me that most mid-century poets are still writing under the lengthened shadows of colossi whose grotesquely Gargantuan postures symbolically uphold the aegis and portent of all modern poetry.

TO COME TO more immediate terms with the books listed in the slightly overwhelming bibliography below, a cursory glance will reveal the representation of almost every generation, cult, and trend of modern poetry. And after more than a cursory glance at the pages of these same books, one may safely add, I think, that here are specific exemplifications of all the virtues, weaknesses, problems, and eccentricities indicated in the preceding paragraphs.

Heading the list of those books which, for diverse reasons, demand more careful consideration is, I think, the *Selected Poems* of Ezra Pound. Now I am aware that Mr. Pound has received a great deal of attention during the past year or so; unfortunately that attention has been too often directed toward personal peculiarities rather than toward his poetry. With some of those peculiarities I have no sympathy, though I think I can understand them. Are they not the symptoms of trauma, the misdirected response of a wounded and sensitive person to a callous and indifferent society? And is not anti-poeticism, against which Pound has struggled so gallantly, finally as serious an error as anti-Semitism? Although I am sorry that Pound did not feel, as I do, that in a truly poetic world (for the benefit of the scoffers I concede that poetic world may be a kind of heaven) anti-Semitism could not exist, I cannot for this reason reject his poetry. For Pound seems to

me the very prototype of the modern poet—exiled, proud, and lonely—barricading himself against Philistinism with a wall so elegantly beautiful that we who view his work can only

Weave a circle round him thrice, . . .
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

The extraordinary thing is that with all the confusion and error of his life Pound should have been able to write so much extraordinary poetry. I am not concerned here with whether Pound was the schoolmaster of Yeats, Eliot, and the imagists, or with explication of the more erudite and allusive passages in his work. Such questions have been and will be treated by more competent persons. I only wish to point out that in the *Selected Poems* I find so many poems which give me pleasure, poems which I think will yield to anyone with an ear for the profound sound and meaning of words that kind of magic primitively associated with the very name of poet. Moreover, I find this delight not only in memorable lines from the more ambitious cantos but also in the less-regarded earlier poems. "The Coming of War: Actaeon," "The Return," "Tenzone," "The Lake Isle," "Alba," "Envoi (1919)," "A Ballad of the Mulberry Road," all exemplify for me that debonair artifice, that vigorous grace so typical, I believe, of Pound's work. Take almost any passage,

And when men going by look on Rafu
They set down their burdens,
They stand and twirl their mustaches.

or

And the loose fragrant cavendish
and the shag,
And the bright Virginia
loose under the bright glass cases,
And a pair of scales not too greasy,
And the whores dropping in for a word or two in passing,
For a flip word, and to tidy their hair a bit.

or

When our two dusts with Waller's shall be laid,
Siftings on siftings in oblivion,
Till change hath broken down
All things save Beauty alone.

Rudely uprooted from their context as they are, do not these lines still retain something of the exotic beauty, the seminal energy of a flower tautly stamened in the sun? And even these plucked lines reveal, I think, Pound's ability to recapture in tonal, living mosaic the glorious shards of the past. Although one may not recognize the allusion or the original of the paraphrase or translation, no one, I believe, can read Pound's poetry without sensing the palpable reality he has given to man's great heritage. For this alone he would deserve our gratitude. Yet one cannot forget Pound the innovator, the great experimenter. Setting aside the question of who schooled whom, one still must recognize in Pound's work a fertile source of techniques which have proved and should continue to prove helpful to other poets. Outright imitation may be deplorable, if not impossible. Adaptation of the more sensational innovations would probably be equally undesirable. A careful reading of Pound's poetry, however, will reward the poet-student with subtler techniques which should function germinally in any kind of poetry. To be more specific, I believe that even the most doctrinaire disciple of Yvor Winters could learn from Pound technical means of imbuing his work with power and variety without violating too seriously the dogmas of his own master. How then can we deny that Ezra Pound, "il miglior fabbro," is one of the true colossi, the great inseminators of modern poetry?

Neither as exciting nor as various in technical range as the poems of Pound, the *Selected Poems* of William Carlos Williams offer nevertheless very real satisfaction. Part of that satisfaction for me derives from the fact that I have developed a taste for Williams' kind of poetry rather recently. For years, though I recognized Williams as one of the masters of modern American prose, I remained blind and deaf to the quality and significance of his poetry. Only after careful re-reading—and here I must acknowledge a debt to two poet-critics, Yvor Winters and Edwin Honig—did I begin to understand what Williams was trying to do. Since that initiation, I find Williams occupying an increasingly important place in my private hierarchy of poets. Most readers, I think, will appreciate the present volume not only for the excellent selection of Williams' poems but also for the illuminating introduction by Randall Jarrell. I like Jarrell's warmth and enthusiasm, his lucidity and honesty of praise and blame—qualities which seem particularly appropriate in evaluating a man so stubbornly possessed of those same qualities. Essentially in agreement with Jar-

rell's rating of Williams' better poems, I should like to single out another to illustrate Williams' method. This poem, "The Bull," though slighter than certain other poems which penetrate more nearly man's personal and social tragedy, possesses the notable precision of observation and clear integrity of expression always found in Williams' better poems. Since Williams' poems seem to suffer more malformation from piecemeal treatment than almost any other poems I know, I shall quote the poem in its entirety.

It is in captivity—
ringed, haltered, chained
to a drag
the bull is godlike

Unlike the cows
he lives alone, nozzles
the sweet grass gingerly
to pass the time away

He kneels, lies down
and stretching out
a foreleg licks himself
about the hoof

then stays
with half-closed eyes,

Olympian commentary on
the bright passage of days.

—The round sun
smooths his lacquer
through
the glossy pinetrees

his substance hard
as ivory or glass—
through which the wind
plays—

Milkless
he nods
the hair between his horns
and eyes matted
with hyacinthine curls

The visual pattern itself seems peculiarly appropriate here—clean, economical, perceptually fitting for the hard, concise, pragmatic observation so unpretentiously, easily, and rightly set in the great emotional continuum of myth. Notice the fine contrapuntal effect of the first and fourth lines of the stanza, a counterpoint which threads through the whole poem and which is made more emphatic by the metrical skill and visual exactness of detail. Notice the sure use of assonance and consonance and the unexpectedly, though functionally, placed rhymes. Notice the way an ordinary expression, "to pass the time away," is lifted out of the ordinary both by the concrete accuracy of the preceding "nozzles" and "gingerly" and by echo and extension in the later lines "Olympian commentary on/the bright passage of days." Notice, too, how in the fifth and sixth stanzas "lacquer," "glossy," and "hard/as ivory or glass" evoke through physically correct impressions that fusion of reality and myth which reaches its climax

in the final line, "with hyacinthine curls." Nor can one dismiss this poem without commenting on its power to connote even through such forthright, empathic description a further symbolic meaning—the bull as Nature, once awesome and august, now, though still majestic, subject to the Faustian dominance of man and his mundane daemon, the brazen bull of Kierkegaard. Inadequately as I have undoubtedly dealt with this poem, I surmise that some readers may think I have done it sufficient injustice, that my fragmentary comments are, after all, but grotesque reflections in a cracked mirror, examples of the excess I myself have objected to in other critics. And perhaps it would be better to let the poem stand alone, a candid and beautiful tribute to the genius of its creator.

The most popular target for recent critical attacks would seem to be that British school of poets which attained considerable eminence during the 1930's. Changes in taste from decade to decade should always be expected. Yet surely it is possible to admire (as I do) the poetry of Dylan Thomas, David Gascoigne, Kenneth Patchen, and Theodore Roethke without throwing into the ashcan Auden, Spender, Lewis, *et alii*. Auden, who is not represented in this review, seems to me still the most important poet of his group, both because of his amazing versatility and his ability to transcend his own most obnoxious mannerisms in his best poems. Spender, though not so versatile or prolific as Auden, has produced, I think, equally good poems. That these better poems may not be found in *The Edge of Being* is hardly an occasion for reproachful keening of a poet's demise. Few poets can sustain steadfast development over a comparable span of years. Nor should one forget that the past decade with its chronicle of war and war's bitter aftermath has exacted probably an additional toll in poetic energy and expression. That this destructive context of war has been shared by most modern poets does not obviate its relevance to the work of any particular poet. As for Spender, his profoundly manifest concern with the hopes and betrayals of a war-shattered world seems sufficient to vindicate that relevance. It is true that certain poems in *The Edge of Being* reflect a more personal, romantic note, much deplored by some critics. It is also true that the better poems of Spender have always been tinged with romanticism, that even these newer poems, though sometimes approaching too tremulously the perfervid *O's* of Shelley's abstract, ecstatic flight, are lyrically effective, affording pleasant relief from the dissonant density of much modern poetry. Thematic limitation is more marked, I think,

in the *Poems 1943-1947* of C. Day Lewis. Such nostalgic sheltering before the embers of heart's crumbling hearth should not surprise the reader who has observed Lewis' troubled progress round the purgatorial slopes of that magnetic mountain where so many idealistic poets with marxist divining rods have probed for fool's gold. If there is any real surprise for the reader in these new poems, it is for that careful reader whose ear will detect the decorous restraint of style which, though degenerating occasionally to flatulent monotony, will appear at its best as the authentic, formal concomitant of more subdued subject matter. Both thematically and formally, there is less divergence from his earlier work in Louis MacNeice's *Holes in the Sky*. Yet, somewhat paradoxically, I consider this volume the most disappointing of the three from this particular British school of poets. Too many of these poems seem too clever, too self-consciously inlaid with irritating Audenesque mannerisms, too cerebrally ostentatious at the expense of emotion. Especially objectionable, I think, is the opening poem, "The Streets of Laredo," a sophisticated, urbanized adaptation of "The Cowboy's Lament."

The critical acclaim accorded the *Collected Poems* of William Empson arouses at least a twinge of doubt of my own more negative appraisal. Although I appreciate Empson's scrupulous craftsmanship, reading his poetry is often for me merely a mole-like tunneling through a subterranean chaos of roots without ever sensing the branching green or perfumed bloom above. In some ways one could compare him, I suppose, with Gerard Manly Hopkins, another poet of limited, but commensurately careful production. But Hopkins uses technique to convey the tremendous excitement and intensity of his relationship with God and God's world. With Empson, who is attuned to a godless and callous world, an entirely different effect is intended, I am sure, though sometimes I fear it may be dispersed somewhere among the annotations. In this small volume Empson has provided twenty-seven pages of notes for the eighty-four of poetry. Rather perversely perhaps, I prefer the unannotated "Villanelle" which begins

It is the pain, it is the pain, endures.
Your chemic beauty burned my muscles through.
Poise of my hands reminded me of yours.

Here Empson has aptly adapted the conventional artificiality of form to his own learned artifice without sacrifice of that immediate emo-

tional impact so important in good poetry. It is almost as though Dowson had been poured into a new bottle with a metaphysical label, a Dowson whose vague *fin de siècle* sorrows have been intellectualized and refined in the holocaust of a later century.

It would hardly be polite to omit the Sitwells in any survey, however brief, of modern British poetry. Of Miss Sitwell's *The Song of the Gold*, I can only say that I am wholly in sympathy with her thematic seriousness but am not convinced that these poems represent any improvement over her earlier frankly baroque poetry—poetry which, at its best, suggests a luxurious tapestry woven by a great lady to celebrate her high estate and her imaginative delight in that estate. In all fairness, though, to *The Song of the Gold*, I suspect that even the thought of attempting "Three Poems of the Atomic Age" would be enough to throw most poets off their stance into a welter of unassimilated verbiage and rage. Unconcerned with the atomic age, Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Four Songs of the Italian Earth* seem sturdily patterned in a timeless fabric of idyllic verse. There is, of course, a contrast between the quiet sophistication of style and the simple, seasonal life portrayed, but that has been true of many poems in many times.

Equally concerned with man's guilt and man's fate, Robinson Jeffers and Archibald MacLeish, both poets of recognized importance in America, assume quite antithetical vantage points in their poetry. Robinson Jeffers, viewing the world with an eagle's arrogant, impersonal eye, seems able to see only flagrant pustules of human evil starkly delineated against the rock-ribbed, sea-bathed beauty of enduring Nature. MacLeish, whose lachrymose lament betrays the disillusioned idealist, stumbles uncertainly among the ashes of ruined ideologies after that illusory phoenix of humanitarian love and hope.

Throughout the integral, raging course of his explosive poetic career, Kenneth Patchen has stood uncompromisingly apart from appeasement and preciosity. Whatever his defects (his hysterical crescendos and pounding, merciless anathema are perhaps too much in evidence in *Red Wine and Yellow Hair*), Patchen is yet a poet of power and originality and at times, as in certain lyrics of *First Will and Testament*, of surprising subtlety and delicacy. Vigorous in a quiet unPatchen-like manner, Peter Viereck is the poet favored by many critics as most likely to succeed. There is no doubt about Viereck's cleverness or the scope of his technical ability, but for me his poems sometimes degenerate into lively versions of intellectual leger-

demean where word is swifter than eye, more agile than wit, but not incisive or profound enough to alter the pulsation of that emotional bloodstream which nourishes imagination. Although among the most articulate in his opposition to cerebral ingenuity in poetry, Kenneth Rexroth does no particular service either to his fierce espousal of the new romanticism or to his truculent aspersion of heretical contemporaries by publishing his early poems in *The Art of Worldly Wisdom*. Only the knowledge that Rexroth can write and has written much better poetry extenuates the diffuse and plotted monotony of this rather pretentiously titled book. As self-consciously experimental as Rexroth (who affirms his "advanced position" in his personal introduction) and as devoted to her particular cult—Activism, whose governing principle, explicated by W. H. Auden in his magnanimous introduction, predicates an autonomy of connotative values in language and imagery—Rosalie Moore creates in *The Grasshopper's Man and Other Poems* a kind of ectoplasmic poetry which at once titillates the reader with subliminal graces and befuddles with its aura of lingual chicanery.

To turn briefly to poets writing in a more conservative tradition, one is confronted immediately with the name of Elizabeth Daryush. Whether or not she is, as Yvor Winters asserts, "one of the few distinguished poets of our century," there is no doubt, I think, that Mrs. Daryush moves in the lyric form with a metrical and verbal finesse which most good poets will recognize and applaud. Ann Stanford, another poet bearing Winters' crochety stamp of approval, seems to me seldom able to compass within her pleasing restraint of manner those translucent overtones which irradiate great poetry. Comparatively unacclaimed, Pauline Hanson's achievement in *The Forever Young* is nonetheless remarkable. "Out of time and into timelessness," these quatrains stand like sculptured guardians of mind against the heart's insidious treachery.

The while, in my too little love, my own
Lifts in his granite face of grief the stone
Of the forever young who now in my
Forgetting die unknowing and unknown.

Though no one quatrain in a sequence so closely interlinked can convey the poem's meticulous consummation, these lines should suggest that *The Forever Young* is minor poetry of more than minor order.

Among the anthologies of recent poetry one can hardly overlook

the *New British Poets* edited with an introduction by Kenneth Rexroth and the *New Irish Poets* edited by Devin A. Garrity. Of the two, Rexroth's *New British Poets* is, I think, the more important. The pronounced bias Rexroth manifests, both in his introduction and in his selections, toward poetry of romantic, personalist tendencies fortunately precludes neither a fair representation of younger, less familiar British poets, nor the inclusion of individually brilliant poems, nor the value which such an anthology should have for American readers and poets interested in the new direction many British poets are taking. A great anthology of a great poetic period, Norman Ault's edition of *Elizabethan Lyrics* is too well known among poets and scholars to need comment beyond one's appreciation for this beautifully printed and carefully revised American edition.

Admitting regretfully, as I must, the diminished role which poetry plays in the life and times of modern man, I can still imagine no more excited pleasure than the discovery of indubitable poetic genius or surpassing promise. It is entirely possible that I have missed such a discovery both in the books already discussed and in those remaining volumes which must go unmentioned because of spatial limitations. That transcendent fusion of skill, passion, and imagination which constitutes great poetry is difficult to accomplish and sometimes almost as difficult to recognize. Whatever the errors of my critical mirror, I can still discern in mid-century poetry enough of talent, formal dexterity, high seriousness, and beauty to assure the modern poet his place as acolyte in those ancient, nearly forgotten rites which celebrate man's dignity, man's nobility, and man's humanity to man—the only rites through which mankind can hope to thwart the voracious appetites of the brazen bull.

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Cumulative Index --- Back Volumes

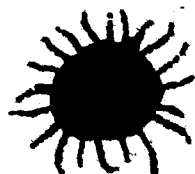
Work on the Cumulative Index (Vols. I-XIX, 1931-1949), previously announced, is progressing. We expect to have it ready for distribution some time next Fall. Because of its bulk, the Index will be published separately, but using the same paper and size of the Quarterly, so that it may be bound in. Copies will be mailed free of charge *only to subscribers, and on request*.

Back issues of the Quarterly are now available except: Vol. II, No. 1 (1932); Vol. III, Nos. 1, 2, 4 (1933); Vol. IV, No. 1 (1934); and Vol. XIII, Nos. 1, 2 and 4 (1943). Single issues: \$1.00. In orders of four or more: 75 cents net, each, postpaid, insured. *See announcement on the inside back cover in regard to the out-of-print issues*. The price of the eight rare issues therein listed will, however, be the same as that given above. The Quarterly is willing to stand a loss on these issues in order to supply them to libraries and collectors.

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Genevieve Porterfield

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, XXXIII



THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations of the Southwest, the School of Inter-American Affairs, the Department of Sociology, and the *New Mexico Quarterly*, attempts to list, with such thoroughness as time and resources permit, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as here defined, includes all of New Mexico and Arizona, and parts of Texas, Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada and California.

The symbol (F) designates fiction; (J) is used to indicate materials on the juvenile level.

In order to conserve space and avoid needless repetition, recurring items of a general nature will be listed only once a year, and for the same reason items from periodicals that are indexed in *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, *The Education Index*, and the *Industrial Arts Index* have been omitted.

Included in this issue are mainly those titles which were published or came to our attention between December 1, 1949, and February 28, 1950.

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER

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America he has exhibited widely, including the international print show at the Museum of Modern Art, 1949, and more recently at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, and Kleeman Galleries, New York. In all, some thirty American museums and several important collectors own his prints.

Yunkers was editor and publisher of the Stockholm art magazines, *Creation* (1941) and *Ars* (1942), and the latter's art portfolios (1942-1946), and has published articles in Swedish, English and Cuban periodicals. A book of his on color-wood-block-printing is scheduled for publication by Lear.

He plans to establish an art workshop in New Mexico. Quoting from a recent letter to the Editor: "While the 'art' school is adapted to teach technical skill, the workshop can encompass, beyond technical brilliance, a truly creative articulation; avoid technically perfect trivialities. I don't believe that I would like to build a 'school' in the sense that it is an artistic form of a central station on a weekend. I think of a 'workshop' where mature people meet, exchange their experience, distill their emotions, and arrive at some kind of common truth. As for my wanting to create this kind of a workshop in the

Southwest—it seems to me obvious that the Southwest contains all the potentialities, and therefore needs a medium to project itself."

In the Gallery of the College of Fine Arts, UNM (June 26-July 8), an exhibition of twenty-seven monotypes and wood-block prints by Yunkers is being held. The eight monotypes and eight wood engravings especially done by him for the illustrations of this issue of the Quarterly are also on display. The monotype used on the cover represents the "infinity" sign.

An art and literary quarterly, *Prints in the Desert*, edited by Adja Yunkers "to restore the hand to the printing art, and to project a collaboration between the graphic arts and poetry," will appear next Fall. Each issue, limited to 200 copies at \$15 each, will contain several original prints, numbered and signed.

The black-and-white reproductions in our half-tone section fail to give an idea of the brilliance and artistry in combining color and line found in Yunkers' prints.

JOHN PALMER LEEPER, 29 years old, was born and educated in Texas. After graduating in journalism from Southern Methodist University, he spent three years and a half with the Air Force, followed by a three-year GI study period at Harvard University in the Fogg Museum, where he became Keeper of the W. A. Clark Collection. He is now Assistant Director of the Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington.

POET SIGNATURE. V. LAWRENCE OLSON, 32 years old, was born in Tennessee and brought up in Mississippi. Educated at the universities of Mississippi and Harvard, he has taught English in Wisconsin and Vassar. He served as naval officer during the war, and holds at present a government position in Washington. American and English magazines have published his poetry. In 1947 the Decker Press brought out his book, *The Cranes on Dying River and Other Poems*.

ARTICLES. VINCENT C. KELLEY, born in Seattle, Ph.D. California Institute of Technology, 1937, has specialized in the field of economic geology and worked with the U.S. Geological Survey in mining and petroleum geology. In 1937 he came to the UNM, where he is a professor of geology. He has published many technical papers and maps. His book, *Geology and Economics of New Mexico Iron-Ore Deposits*, UNM Press, came out late in 1949. At present he is preparing a report and regional tectonic map on the geologic nature and origin of the Rio Grande Valley. Mr. Kelley's article is one of the series on aspects of New Mexico that the Quarterly publishes from time to time. Characterizing it, the author says: "In addition to outlining New Mexico's iron-ore situation in the West, I hope that some of the comments may cause better planning for the long range economic development of the State."

ROBERT BUNKER, a Bostonian, join-

ed the Indian Service after four years in the Navy. He has an administrative position in the United Indian Pueblos Agency at Albuquerque. In 1948 Swallow-Morrow published his novel, *Amanda Said the Grass Was Green*. His essay "Oliver La Farge: In Search of Self" is one in the series of critical estimates of New Mexico authors which are appearing in the Quarterly.

GILEAN DOUGLAS lives at Whaletown, B. C., Canada. A world traveler and linguist (Latin, Greek, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Hindustani, Hungarian, Gaelic, etc.), Mr. Douglas started a picturesque career at the age of sixteen as a newspaper reporter, later switched to advertising, syndicate work, and finally freelance writing, ranching and mining. In the last ten years he has contributed hundreds of pieces—poetry, light verse, non-fiction, and a few short stories—to dailies and magazines. Several lyrics of his have been set to music, and he is a bit of a composer himself. "Summer Solitude," with its feeling for the tangible and intangible facts of nature, strikes a note not often found nowadays. He tells us: "Nothing either slick or pulpy about my writing, I'm afraid, so I'll never be rich. . . . My motto always was: hyacinths for the soul and to h . . . with the loaf of bread! (Those dots are deference to data *d'estime*.)"

Born and educated at Chicago, CARL H. GRABO taught English at the University of Chicago for forty years (1907 to 1947, when he retired). He has been a part time visiting profes-

son at UNM since 1948. His bibliography includes seventeen book titles, among them four on Shelley, *The Art of the Short Story*, *The Technique of the Novel*, two children's books, a novel, an adventure yarn, and a volume of verse. His latest books are *The Creative Critic*, 1948, and *Shelley's Eccentricities*, UNM Press, 1950.

STORIES. The three stories in this issue present a variety of subject matter and techniques. "A Verdict of Innocence," WARREN BECK says, "was more directly dependent upon newspaper stories than any other work of mine has been, except portions of my second novel *Pause Under the Sky*. . . . Ruby, however, is synthetic, based on the observation of several women. The point of view, from Grandpa's detachment, is for me the point of the story; I have tried to make structure and substance complementary."

Mr. Beck is a professor of English at Lawrence College and has taught for the last two summers at the Bread Loaf School of English, where he is again going this summer to conduct a course in the short story and a seminar in fiction. He has published two novels and two books of short stories. The Antioch Press will publish his third volume of short stories, *Edge of Doom*, next fall. Martha Foley is reprinting one of his stories in her *Best American Short Stories*, 1950.

"The Stallion" is a poetic story—the symbol of love and death en-

visioned with detachment. EILEEN SHAW is the wife of Professor William D. Cramp, economist at the University of Illinois. They have two daughters, aged 3 and 7. Miss Shaw has had stories published in little magazines and also a novel, *A Crescent Moon*, Morrow, 1949.

"Davey" is the "tragedy of error" worked out in a realistic manner. JOHN GERSTINE, 35 years old, a native and resident of Brooklyn, makes a living working for trade union publications. "Most of my creative work"—he writes—"is done at my seaside shack at Old Orchard, Maine, above the din of my wife and two children." "Davey" is the first story of his accepted by a magazine. After our acceptance he has sold another story elsewhere.

UNMQ POETRY SELECTIONS. HOWARD GRIFFIN, a frequent contributor to literary magazines, is the author of a book of poems, *Cry Cadence*, Farrar, Straus, 1947.

LORINE NIEDECKER, native and resident of Wisconsin, has published poetry since 1933 in magazines and anthologies, *Poetry*, *Furioso*, *Golden Goose*, Laughlin's *New Democracy*, and *New Directions* (3 issues). A book, *New Goose*, was published by Decker in 1946. Of her poems she writes: "Like to think of them as outcome of experimentation with subconscious and with folk—all good poetry must contain elements of both or stems from them—plus the rational, organizational force."

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY, a New Yorker, M. A. Columbia, has taught at Wisconsin and Colgate, and is at present Assistant Professor of English at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. Mr. Zukofsky, besides having contributed poetry and criticism to journals and anthologies, is author of *Le Style Apollinaire*, 1934, *55 Poems*, 1941, *Anew*, 1946, and *A Test for Poetry*, 1948. He edited the "Objectivists" issue of *Poetry*, February, 1931, and *An "Objectivists" Anthology*, 1932. The *Quarterly Review of Literature* is currently publishing his novel, *Ferdinand*.

ANNIS COX, born in Manila, P. I., was educated in California, A.B. Stanford, 1937. She has contributed poetry and prose to magazines. "Autumn Low" was written during a month's camping trip in the Klamath National Forest.

BOOKS AND COMMENT. **DEANE MOWRER**, author of "The Cracked Mirror and the Brazen Bull," annual poetry review, has published poetry in several magazines. She teaches English at UNM.

"A Guide to the Literature of the Southwest," much enriched since our Spring, 1950, issue with the listing of theses and other material not systematically given before, is in the charge of **GENEVIEVE PORTERFIELD**, reference librarian at UNM. Readers are urged to call our attention to any item, within the plan of inclusion, which may have been overlooked.

SAHAGUN'S FLORENTINE CODEX. The School of American Research, Santa Fe, and the University of Utah have performed a signal service to scholarship with the publication of Part II of Book I of the *Florentine Codex of the General History of the Things of New Spain*, by Fray Bernardino de Sahagún. A microfilm copy of the Codex in the Laurentian Library was obtained in 1938 by the late Lansing B. Bloom, who with the assistance of his wife gathered at the time from various European libraries manuscript materials chiefly relating to the history of the Southwest. This project was sponsored by the University of New Mexico and the late E. L. Hewett, then Director of the School of American Research and the Museum of New Mexico.

Sahagún's manuscript gives in parallel columns the Spanish translation and the Aztec original, of which the former is not a faithful version but now a summarization, now an enlargement. Arthur J. O. Anderson of the School of American Research and Charles E. Dibble of the University of Utah, two of the very few American scholars with a competent knowledge of Nahuatl, have now done, with the encouragement and help of the late Sylvanus G. Morley, A. Ray Olpin, President of the University of Utah, and Boaz Long, Director of the School of American Research, an accurate translation of the Aztec text. Others who have cooperated in various ways

are Albert E. Ely of the Museum of New Mexico, and O. Meredith Wilson, Harold W. Bentley, and E. Adamson Hoebel, of the University of Utah.

"Part II. The Gods," now available, describes the deities that were worshiped by the Aztecs. To it has been added the Appendix of Book I, wherein Sahagún, with missionary fervor, refutes the idolatric beliefs and practices of the Mexicans. The translators have endeavored to preserve the flavor of the sixteenth century Spanish version and have illustrated the text with copious historical and comparative notes. Thirteen large plates reproduce a sample page and pictures of the gods from the original manuscript. The book is handsomely printed in a limited edition of 1,000 copies.

The Quarterly records with warm praise this achievement of Drs. Anderson and Dibble, and wishes them well in their still formidable task of translating and editing the remaining twelve parts.

UNM LECTURES. During the 1949-1950 academic year, the UNM has organized two important series of public lectures.

The Physics Lecture Series brought to Albuquerque six internationally known scientists: Darol K. Froman, "The Fission Process"; Edward Teller, "The Origin of Cosmic Rays"; and George Gamow, "Explosion of Stars," from the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory; C. F. von Weiz-

saecker, from the Max Planck Institute of Physics, Goettingen, and University of Chicago, "Origin of the Universe"; Walter O. Roberts, from the High Altitude Laboratory, Harvard University and University of Colorado, "Sun and Earth"; and M. Sandoval Villarta from the National University of Mexico, "Heavy Nuclei in Cosmic Rays."

The Phi Kappa Phi Lecture Series featuring "Science and Man: A Mid-Twentieth Century Evaluation" offered "Literature," by Ramón J. Sender; "Technology and Man," by Dexter H. Reynolds; "A Look at the Cultural and Stylistic Aspects of Art Music," by Hugh M. Miller; "Religion," by Rabbi Myer Schwartz; "Science and Culture," by A. W. Boldyreff; and "Man in the Age of Science," by Hubert G. Alexander.

PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY. A 2,177-mile section of the Pan American Highway, extending through Mexico from the Rio Grande River to the Guatemala frontier was opened officially last May by the Mexican Government. The newly completed road is the longest section of the Pan American Highway in a single country, with its gateway at El Paso, and its terminal at El Ocotil, a village of less than 300 population.

As reported by *Automobile Facts*, the new highway system culminates 25 years of road building in Mexico, during which 15,000 miles of paved, all-weather roads have been opened

for use. There are now only three gaps in the entire Pan American Highway between Alaska and the Panama Canal. One, a 25-mile stretch in northern Guatemala, is expected to be filled this year by a road now under construction.

The Pan American Highway should be a potent factor in the economic and cultural *rapprochement* between the Southwest and the Latin American countries.

ART GUIDE. Catherine Rapp Fergusson has put out a 52-page brochure (C. R. Fergusson Publications, 332 Delgado, Santa Fe, 1950, \$1.00) entitled *You May Meet These Artists in Santa Fe and Taos*. Twenty-four artists are represented, 19 from Santa Fe and 5 from Taos. For each there is a biographical in-

terview and good half-tone reproductions of his portrait and one of his paintings.

JOHN SLOAN. John Sloan, our Guest Artist, II (Summer, 1949), was given a page writeup in the May 29 issue of *Newsweek* with reproductions of two of his paintings. Commenting on the recent award of the gold medal for painting given him by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, *Newsweek* says that "he accepted it not for his paintings but for his independence... he figured he was too old for the medal to do him any harm... It amuses Sloan that his paintings which were once called 'ashcan' and 'psychopathic' are now classified under the heading of 'nostalgic realism.'"

Change in Rates

Increased costs of printing and illustrations, make it necessary to establish new rates that will help pay expenses. We say "help" because even with the increased rates the income that may be derived from them will not be sufficient to meet costs.

Rates for subscriptions received in our office after September 30, 1950, will be:

One year	\$3.00	Two years	\$5.50	Three years	\$7.50
		Single copy	80 cents		

Until September 30, 1950, the Quarterly will accept new subscriptions and also renewals and extensions from subscribers, at the present rates, on condition that they will not extend beyond the Summer issue of 1953.

Our magazine is now priced so low that we are confident our readers will understand the need for this change.

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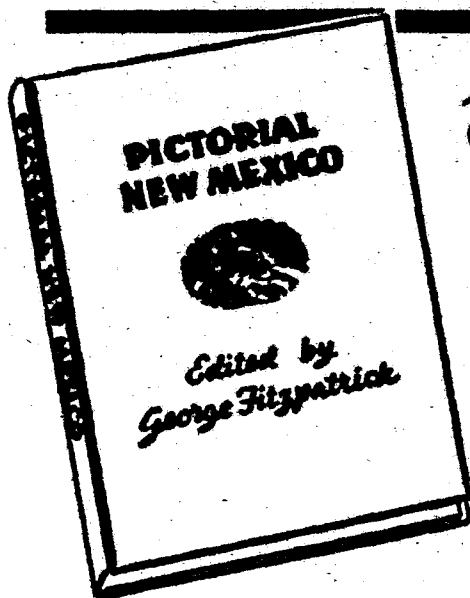
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